

MAY
No. 29

CRACK **COMICS**

10c



In This Issue

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH
MEETS
SPADE THE RUTHLESS!

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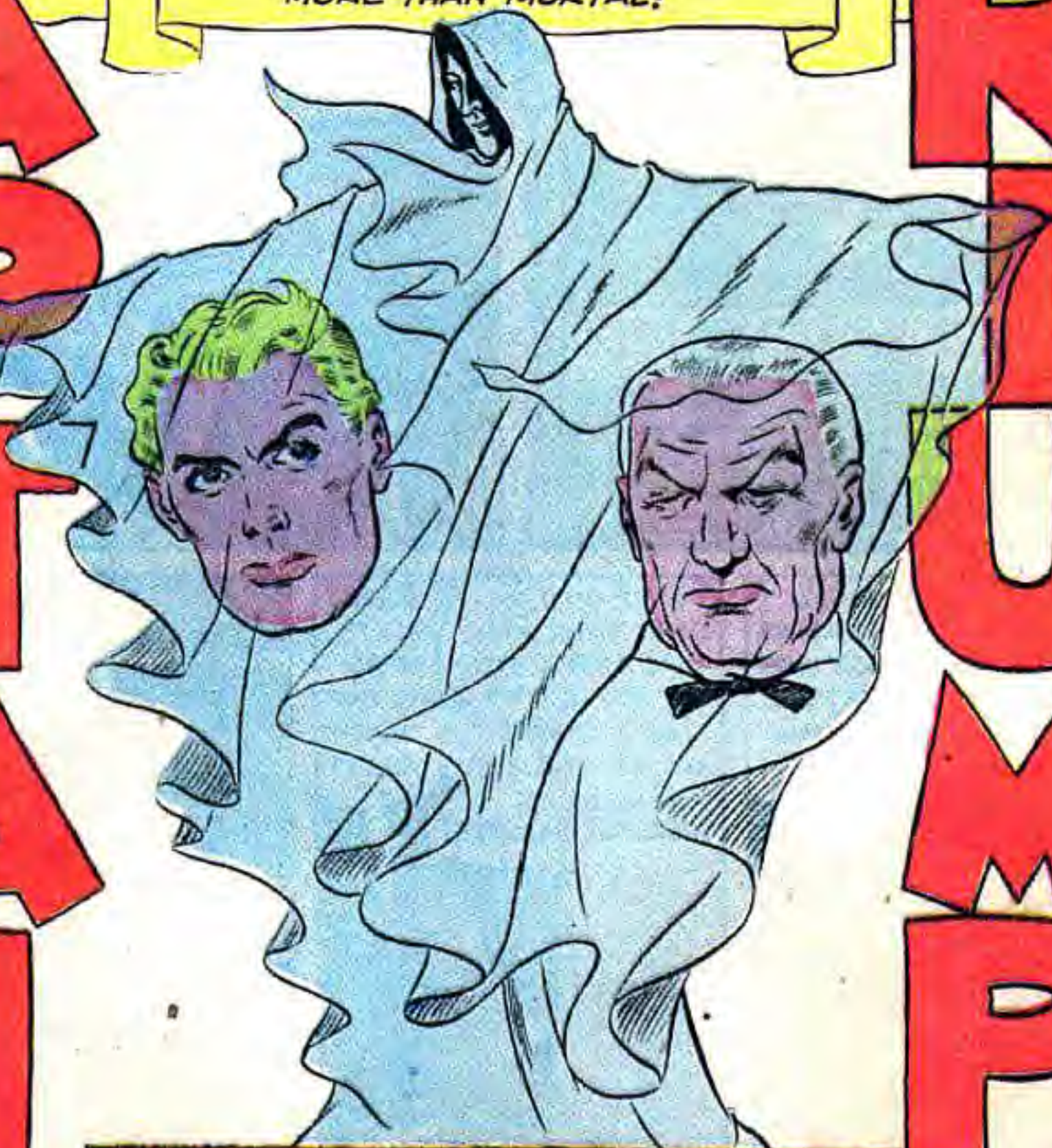
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LANCE AND MICHAEL GALLANT WERE TWINS.. AND THEN, ONE DAY, MICHAEL WAS KILLED..NOW, ONLY KIM, MICHAEL'S GIRL, KNOWS THAT HIS SPIRIT COMBINES WITH LANCE'S BODY TO FORM ONE BEING WITH SUPERNATURAL POWERS

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH

THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH WHO IS MORE THAN MORTAL!



STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN ON STRANGE NIGHTS BECAUSE NIGHT ITSELF IS THE HARBINGER OF DARKNESS AND THE CLOAK OF EVIL. STRANGER THINGS HAPPEN ON STRANGER NIGHTS, FOR WHEN NIGHT COMBINES WITH FOG AND THE WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE BLACK ALLEYS, EVIL STEPS SOFTLY IN THE SHADOWS. LISTEN TO THE TALE OF THE NIGHT.. TURN THE PAGES SOFTLY, FOR EVIL LURKS BEHIND EACH LEAF.



"THIS IS A TALE OF DOUBLES.. TWO BROTHERS WHO COMBINE INTO ONE.. TWO VILLAINS WHO HOLD A STRANGE SECRET.. ACTUALLY TWO STORIES, WITH DOUBLE THE POSSIBILITIES FOR DARK DEEDS.. AND WHEN CAPTAIN TRIUMPH TACKLES THEM, HE'S REALLY HEADING FOR TROUBLE.. DOUBLE TROUBLE!"

"OUR STORY ORENS IN A DISMAL SECTION OF THE CITY, WHERE A LOT HAS BEEN SET ASIDE FOR THE COLLECTION OF SCRAP METAL... TO BE USED FOR DEFENSE AND FREEDOM... AND PEACE...."



THERE WE ARE, KIM - TO MAKE BETTER BOMBS TO BOMB BIGGER BULLIES! AND I HOPE MINE LANDS RIGHT ON THE ROOF OF A. HITLER!

**LANCE!
WAIT-
LOOK!**



**WHAT'S UP?
SEE SOMETHING
YOU'D LIKE TO
HAVE? I'LL BUY
IT-IF IT'S NOT
TOO EXPENSIVE!**

**NO - I'M
NOT KIDDING.
LANCE! DUCK
BACK HERE
-AND LOOK
AT THOSE
THREE
MEN!**



**WHAT OF IT?
CAN'T THREE MEN
TAKE A WALK WITH-
OUT YOU ACTING
LIKE A SCARED
KITTEN WHO JUST
SWALLOWED
SHERLOCK HOLMES?**

**LOOK!
THEY'RE
GOING
INTO THAT
BLACK
ALLEY!**



"TRUE, THEY HAVE GONE INTO THE BLACK ALLEY...
WHAT BUSINESS HAVE THREE MEN IN AN ALLEY THROUGH
WHICH THE WIND RUSTLES... THE WIND THAT IS THE
VOICE AND LAUGHTER OF EVIL? LISTEN!!"



SUDDENLY, THE CACKLE OF THE WIND,
IS CUT BY THE CRACK OF A BULLET!...
EVIL HAS PULLED A WITHERED FINGER
ON THE TRIGGER OF DEATH!

BANG!



LANCE! ONLY
TWO ARE COMING
OUT! THEY'VE
KILLED ONE!

OR AT
ANY RATE,
SHOT HIM!
COME ON!
WE'LL SEE IF
WE CAN
HELP!

CAN WE
HELP YOU?
WHY DID THEY
DO IT? WHO
ARE THEY?

UH-UGH-
SPADE...
...CHILE...
SPADE...

HE'S
UNCON-
SCIOUS!

"SPADE,
CHILE"?
I WONDER
WHAT HE
MEANT?

I DON'T KNOW-
BUT HE'S NOT
DEAD-YET!-
HERE-DO WHAT
YOU CAN FOR HIM
-GET THE POLICE!
I'M GOING AFTER
THEM!





"MEDDLING... YES, MEDDLING IN OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS... AND WHEN IT'S NEFARIOUS BUSINESS LIKE SHOOTING A MAN ON A SECLUDED SIDE STREET THEN HE'S ASKING FOR IT!"

AS
CAPTAIN
TRIUMPH?

NO - AS
LANCE GALLANT!
IF I CAN, I'M GOING
TO DO THIS ON
MY OWN!



THERE THEY GO
- IN THAT SEDAN!
WELL, THIS IS NO TIME TO
CONSERVE RUBBER!



THAT TAKES
CARE OF HANS
ALPER! NOW HE
CAN NEVER AGAIN
DECIDE TO WORK
AGAINST ME!

LOOK!
HEAD-
LIGHTS!
WE'RE
BEING
FOLLOWED!



GO FASTER!
FASTER!



**FASTER!
FASTER!**



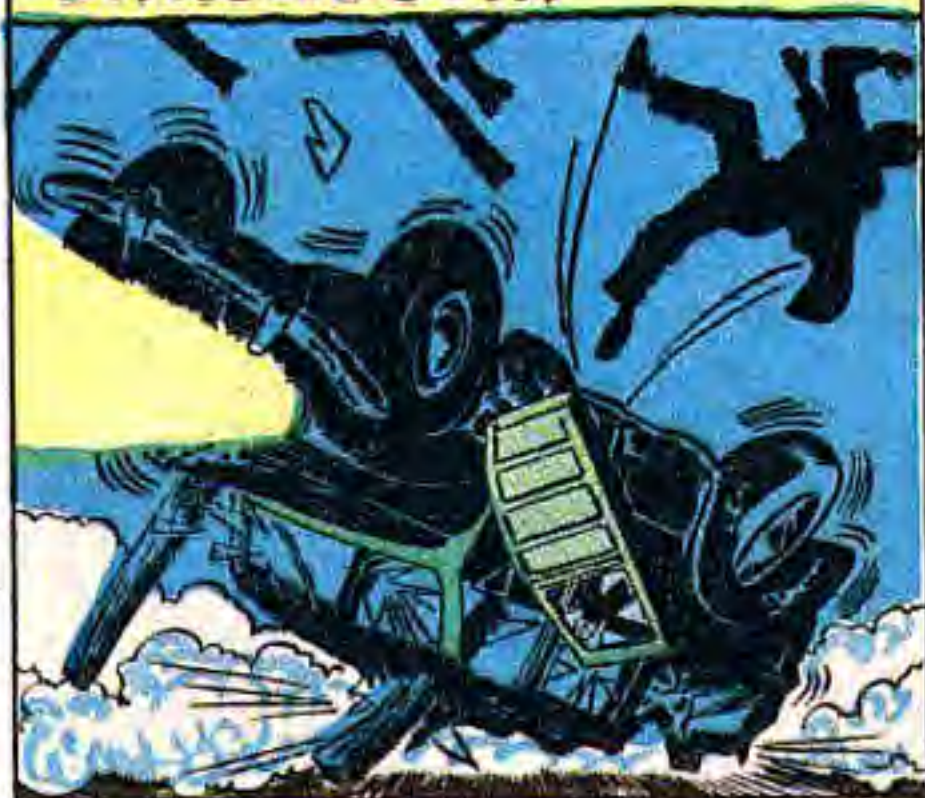
A BULLET HITS LANCE'S WINDSHIELD AND SMASHES IT LIKE A COBWEB! —



THE CAR CAREENS CRAZILY, TESTERS, TURNS —



CRASHES!...



... AND THEN THERE IS SILENCE ... IN A CONTORTION OF TWISTED METAL AND DEBRIS, LANCE LIES UNCONSCIOUS!



THE FIRST CAR STOPS — THE TWO MEN GO BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE WRECK ...

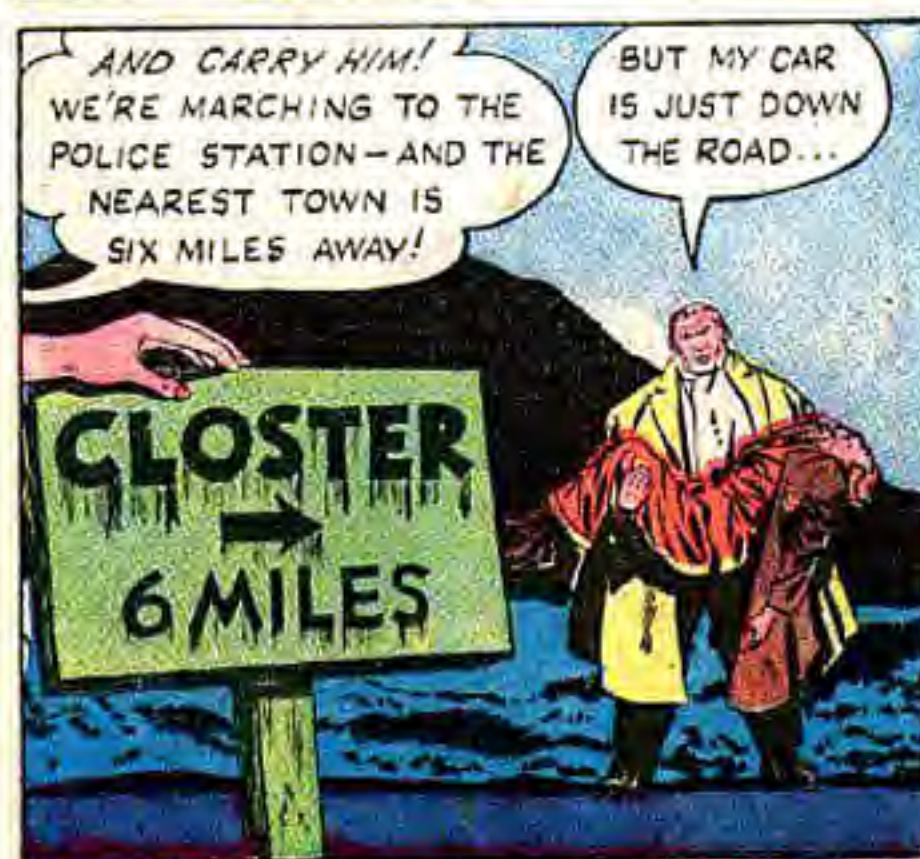
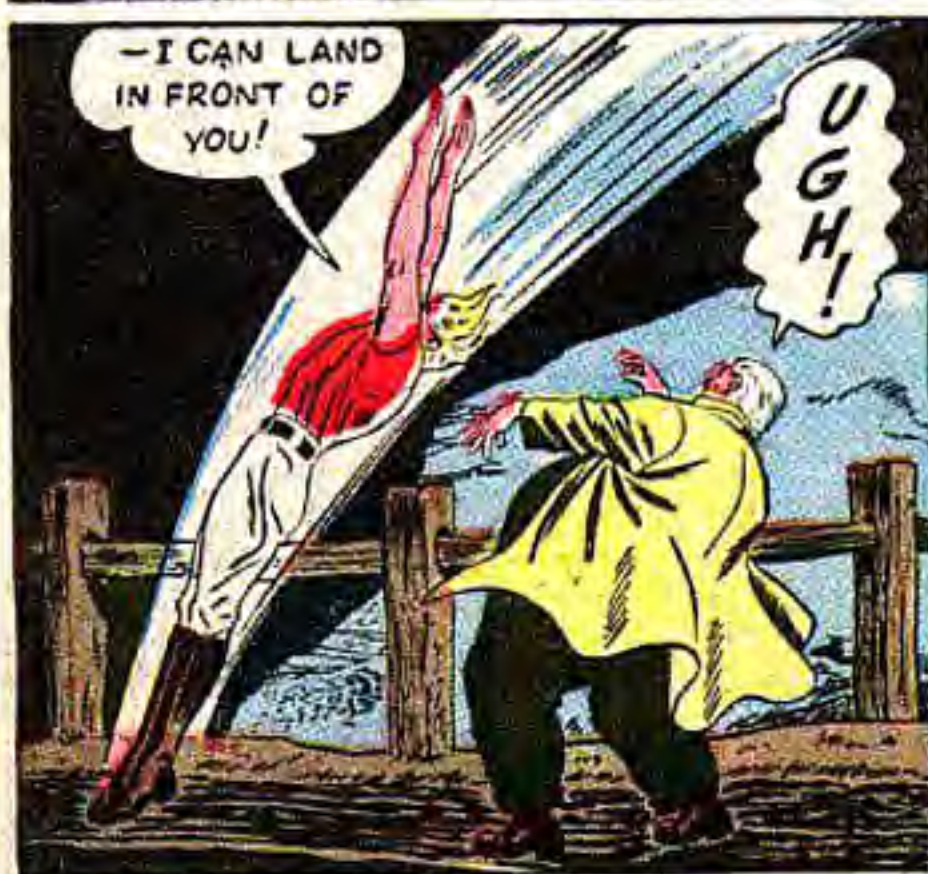


THE BLOW HALF WAKENS LANCE TO CONSCIOUSNESS. FEEBLY, HE PULLS HIS RIGHT HAND OVER HIS LEFT WRIST, TOUCHING HIS BIRTH-MARK ...



...AND WHERE THERE HAD BEEN NOTHING BUT A
TANGLED WRECK AND AN INERT BODY, NOW STANDS
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!







-WHY MUST
I CARRY
HIM?

JUST MY LITTLE JOKE
-IF YOU DON'T WALK,
I'LL HAVE YOU RUN
THE REST OF THE
WAY!



I - I CAN'T -
GO ANOTHER
-STEP...

IT'S AMAZING WHAT
YOU CAN DO WHEN
YOU HAVE TO!



AT LAST!
OH H H H H!

HEY, SOMEBODY -
COME OUT HERE - I'VE
GOT A COUPLE OF BOYS
WHO LIKE TO PLAY WITH
FIREARMS!

A SHORT
WHILE
LATER.

POLICE
STATION
CLOSTER



THE YOUNG ONE IS STILL
IN A FAINT - HE MUST HAVE
HAD A GOOD SCARE - BUT
WE CAN'T GET A WORD OUT
OF THE STOUT MAN - NOT
EVEN HIS NAME! HIS KIND
IS HARD TO CRACK!

WELL, DO
WHAT YOU
CAN - I'VE
GOT OTHER
THINGS TO
ATTEND TO!



LANCE RETURNS TO HIS
NORMAL SELF, AND, WITH
THE SPIRIT OF HIS DEAD
BROTHER MICHAEL, GOES
TO KIM'S HOME...

HI, HONEY - BUN! I
SEE YOU'RE STILL FAITH-
FUL TO ME! HOW DOES
IT FEEL TO BE THE
SWEETHEART OF A
SPIRIT?



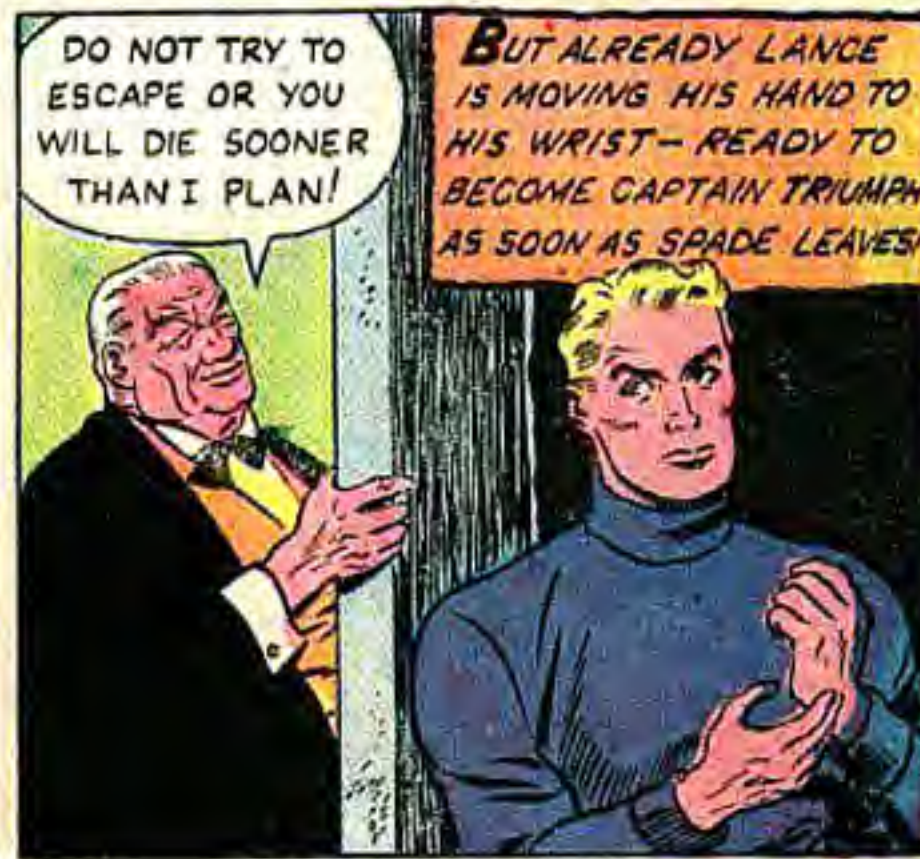
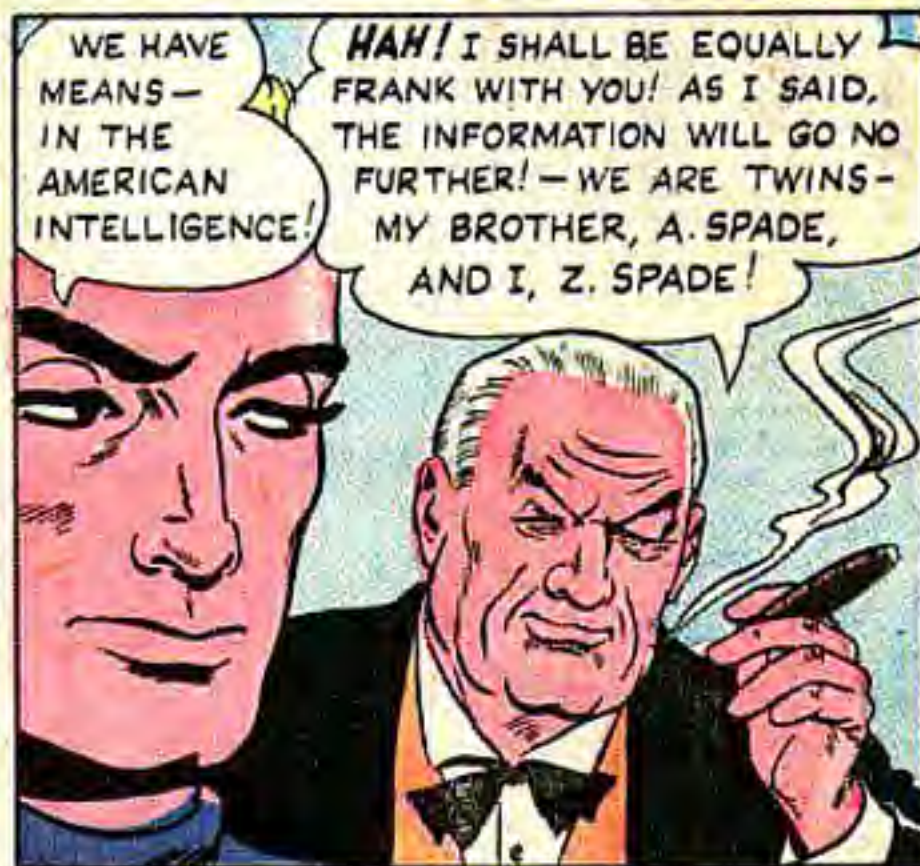
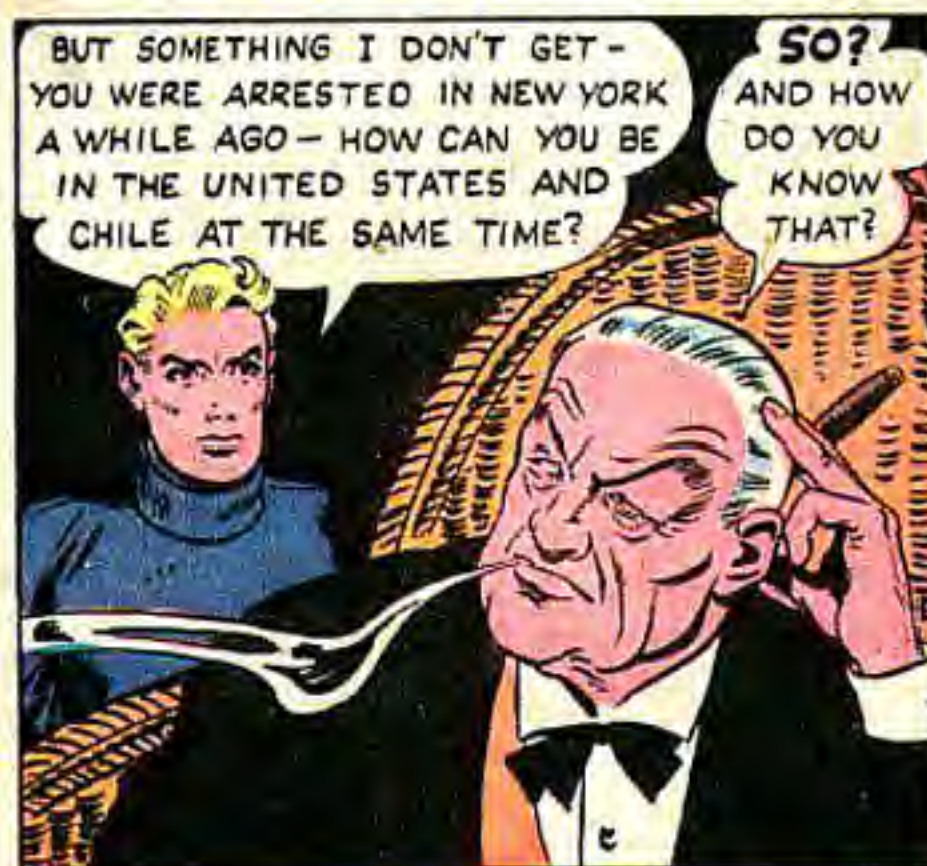
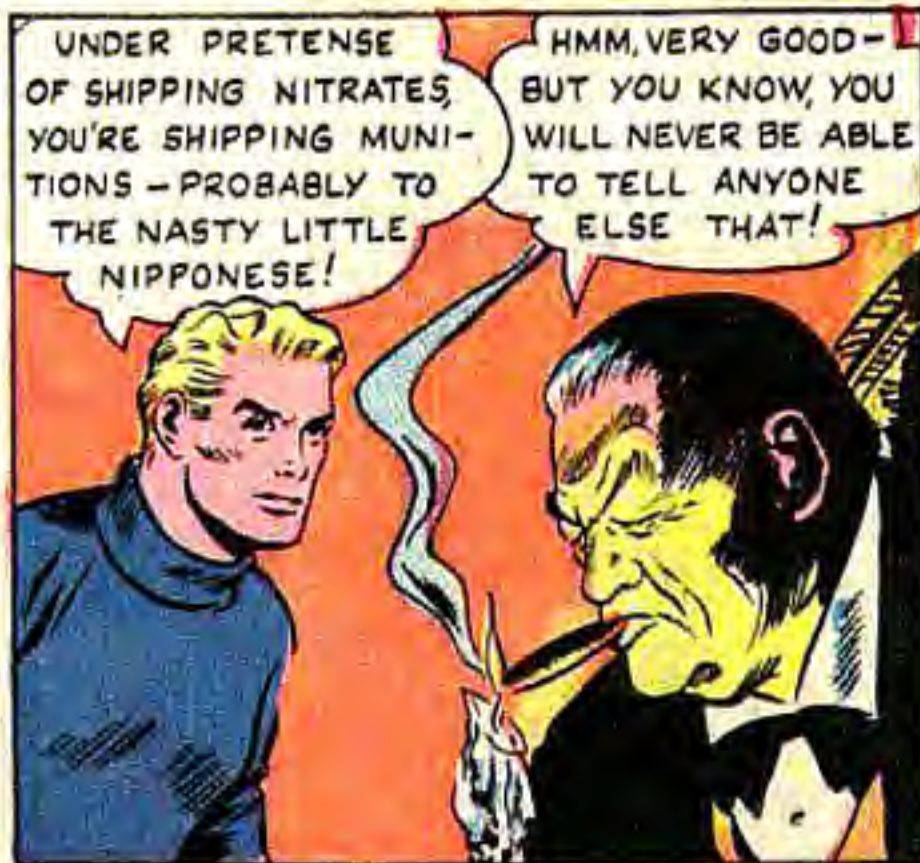
OH, MICHAEL,
YOU'RE ALWAYS
SPOOFING!

LANCE - THE MAN DIED -
HE SAID SOMETHING ELSE
AS HE WAS DYING...

"CASA
COLUMBO...
CASA COLUMBO"
-HE MURMURED
IT TWICE!









BUT WHEN SPADE AND THE GUARD ENTER— TRIUMPH HAS NOW MADE HIMSELF INVISIBLE!



YOU WRETCH! YOU INCOMPETENT, MISERABLE WRETCH!



AS SPADE FLAYS THE GUARD, SUDDENLY HIS WRIST IS TWISTED AND THE WHIP FALLS FROM HIS HAND!



AND TRIUMPH MIRACULOUSLY APPEARS AGAIN!



So... BACK IN THE STATES—

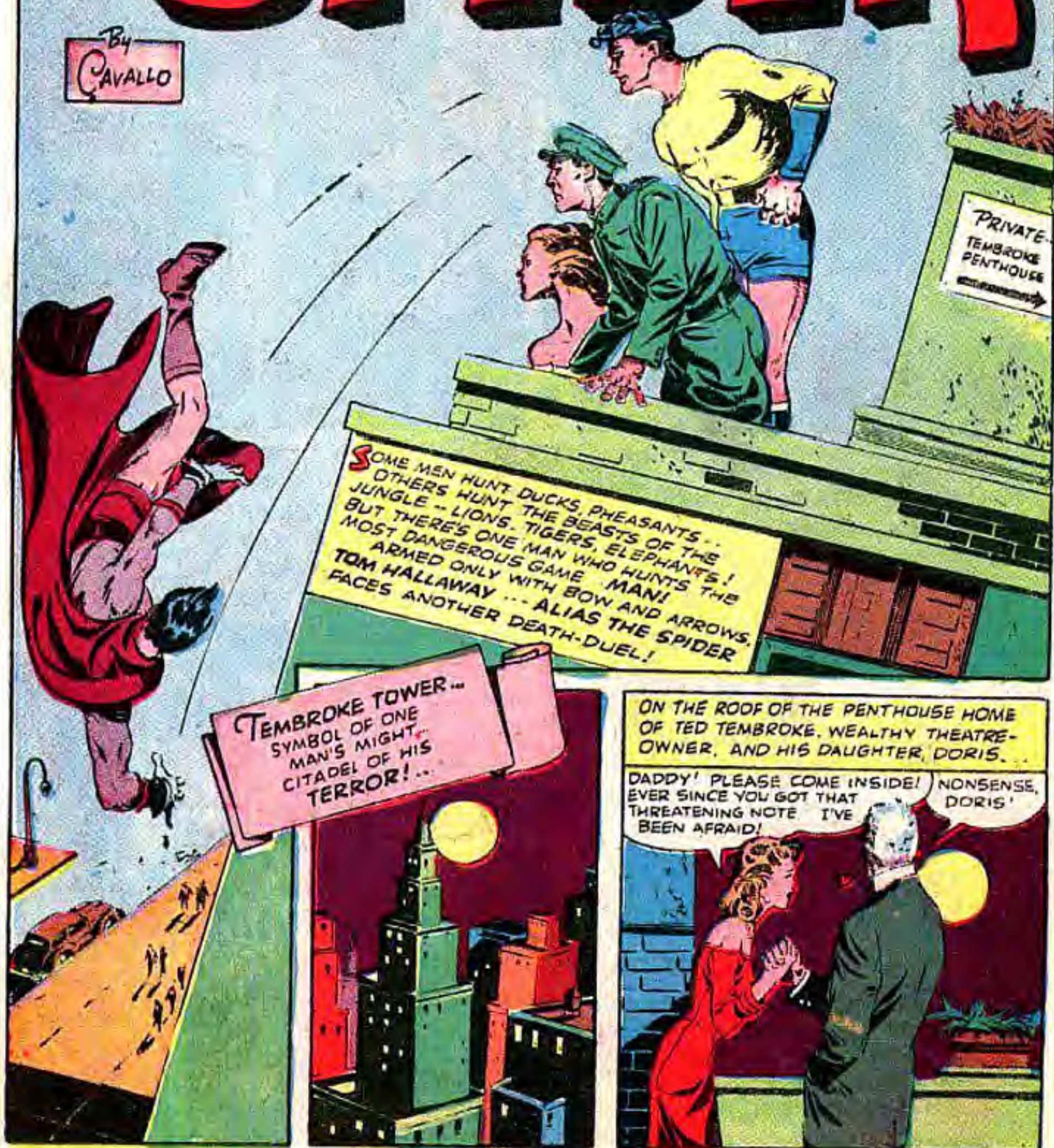


**"YES, THE SUN IS ALMOST UP... NIGHT FOLDS HER CLOAK AND SILENTLY GLIPS AWAY... A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK INDEED... BUT WHO KNOWS? THERE ARE OTHER NIGHTS AND OTHER DEEDS, SO UNTIL THEN...
GOOD NIGHT!"**



Alias The SPIDER

By
CAVALLO





I'M AS SAFE AS A BABY
HERE! IT'S THIRTY STORIES
TO THE STREET - AND THE
ONLY STAIRWAY IS
LOCKED AND BARRED!
-- GO TO BED!

WEL-L-L,
ALL RIGHT,
DAD! BUT
THOSE THREATS
FROM THE
FLY-----



THE FLY! BAH!
-- A CHEAP,
MELODRAMATIC
TRICKSTER
TRYING TO
SCARE ME!

GOOD
EVENING,
TED
TEMBROKE!



WH-WHO
ARE YOU? -
HOW DID YOU
GET UP
HERE?

DON'T YOU KNOW?
I AM THE FLY! -AND
WHILE I MAY BE
MELODRAMATIC---



-- I'M NOT CHEAP,
TED TEMBROKE!

UGHH-MMMFF-
GAH!..



NO! DON'T!
--HELP!

--MY PRICE
IS YOUR
LIFE!

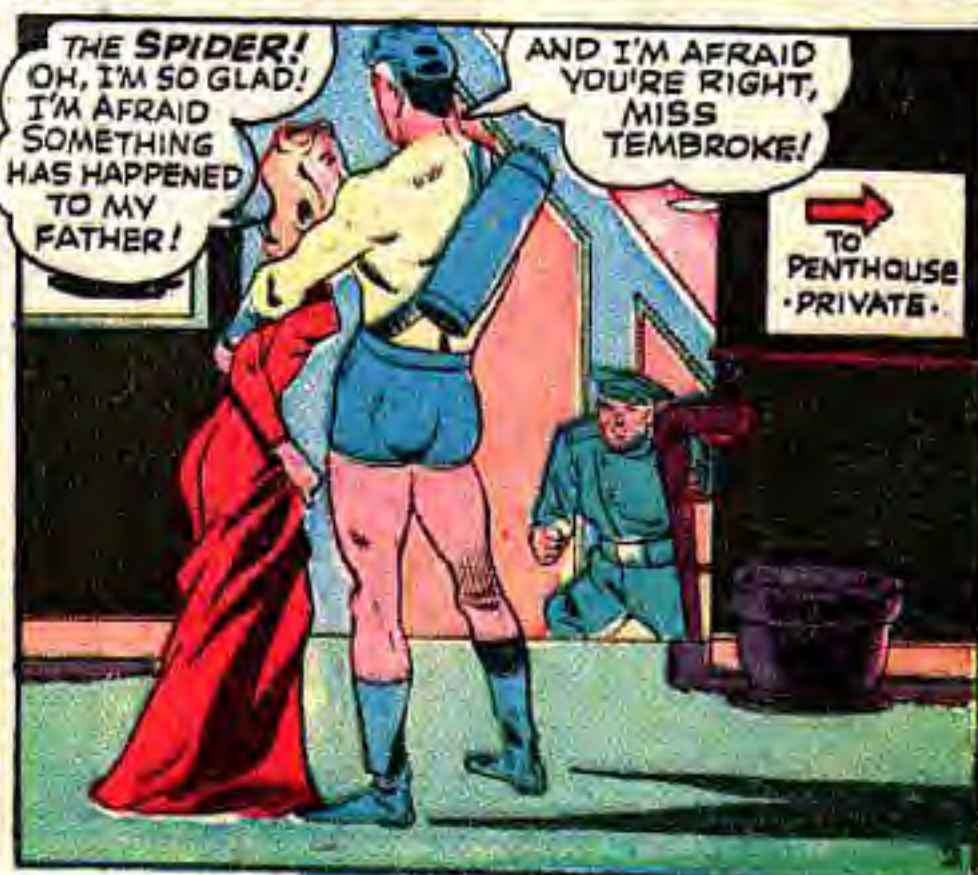


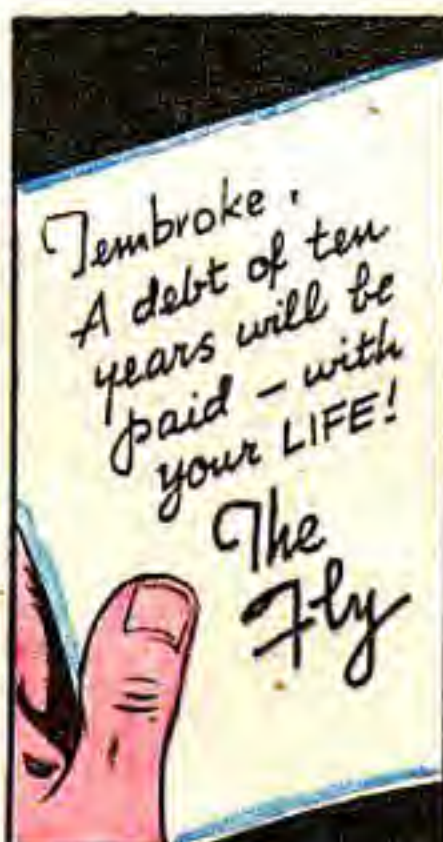
I ALWAYS PAY
MY DEBTS!



DAD! DAD!
WHAT IS
IT? WHY
DID YOU
CRY
OUT?

OH-OH! HIS
DAUGHTER! -
THEN IT'S
TIME FOR
ME TO
FLY!





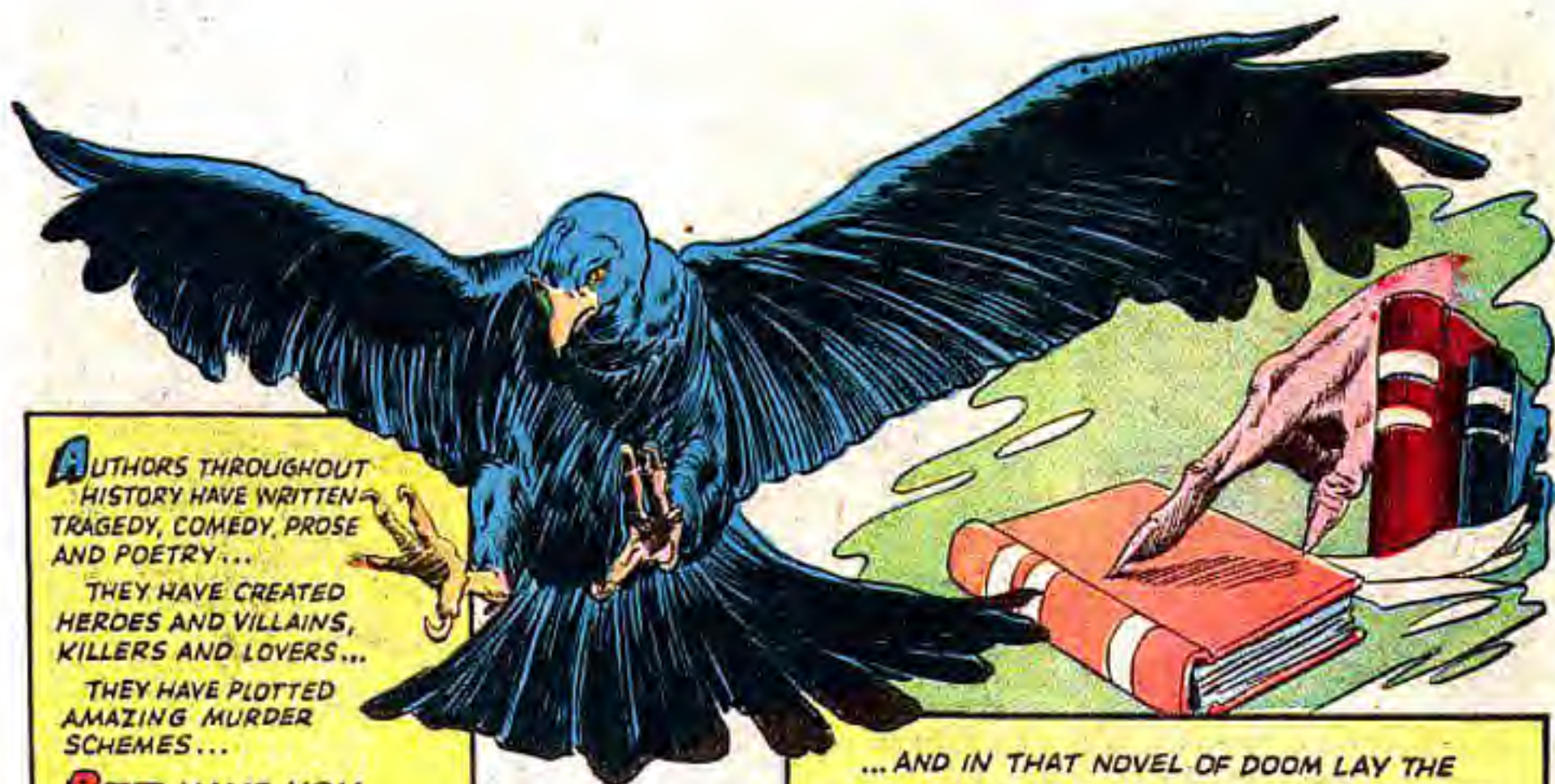












AUTHORS THROUGHOUT HISTORY HAVE WRITTEN TRAGEDY, COMEDY, PROSE AND POETRY...

THEY HAVE CREATED HEROES AND VILLAINS, KILLERS AND LOVERS...

THEY HAVE PLOTTED AMAZING MURDER SCHEMES...

BUT HAVE YOU EVER READ A STORY WHERE THE AUTHOR WROTE HIS OWN **DEATH WARRANT?**

... AND IN THAT NOVEL OF DOOM LAY THE SECRET THAT WOULD EXPOSE A SINISTER KILLER! IT WAS THE **BLACK CONDOR** WHO WAS TO TURN THE PAGES AND READ THE FADED PRINT THAT MIGHT SEND A MURDERER TO HIS WELL-DESERVED **FATE!...**

THE **BLACK CONDOR**

HEYWOOD BRYANT, NOTED AUTHOR, NEARS COMPLETION OF HIS NOVEL...

"...NO ONE SAW HIM ENTER THE ROOM --- BECAUSE HE USED THE STEALTH OF A JUNGLE CAT..."

"THE MURDERER SNEAKED FORWARD - HIS HAND GRIPPED A COLD AUTOMATIC..."
BOY! THIS SCARES EVEN ME!





HEH-HEH! THAT'S ONE NOVEL WHICH WILL NEVER BE READ!



"ROBBER-KILLER," EH? HEH-HEH! - TOO BAD I HAD TO END IT RIGHT HERE!



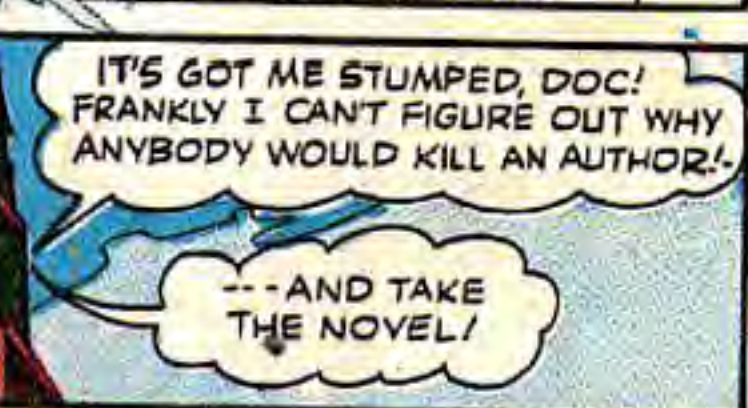
AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS HE ARRIVED, THE STRANGER DEPARTS INTO THE NIGHT!



MURDER SOUGHT BY POLICE!



THE NEXT DAY...



IT'S GOT ME STUMPED, DOC! FRANKLY I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY ANYBODY WOULD KILL AN AUTHOR!

--- AND TAKE THE NOVEL!

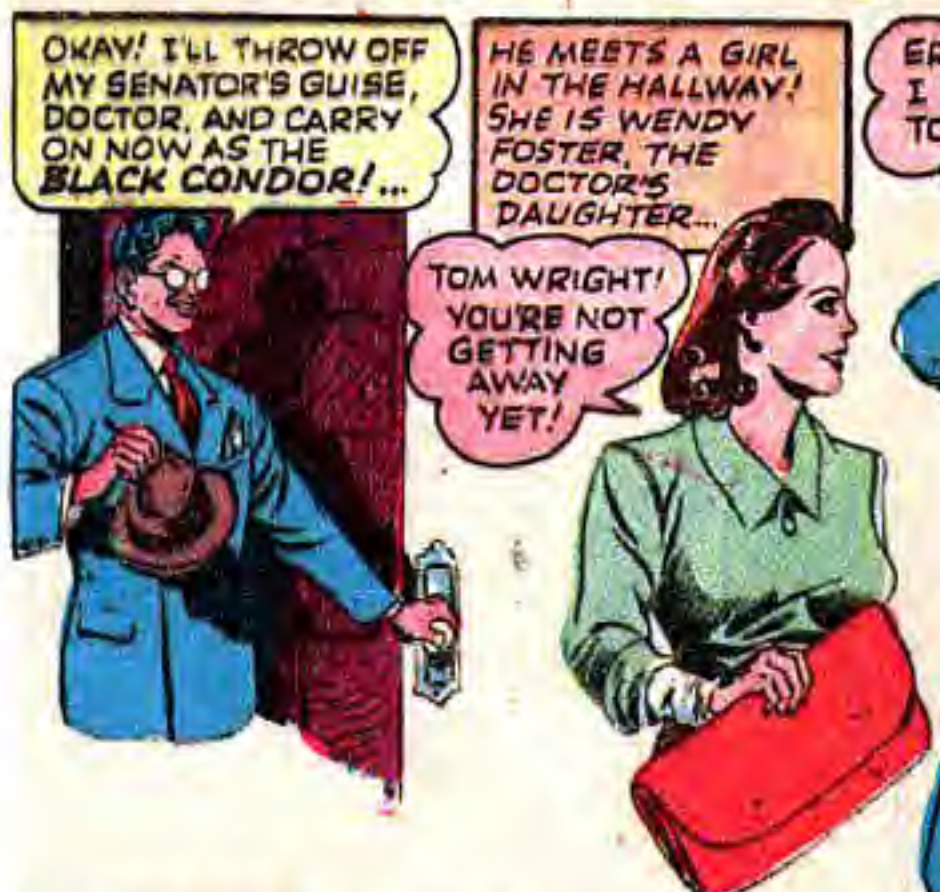
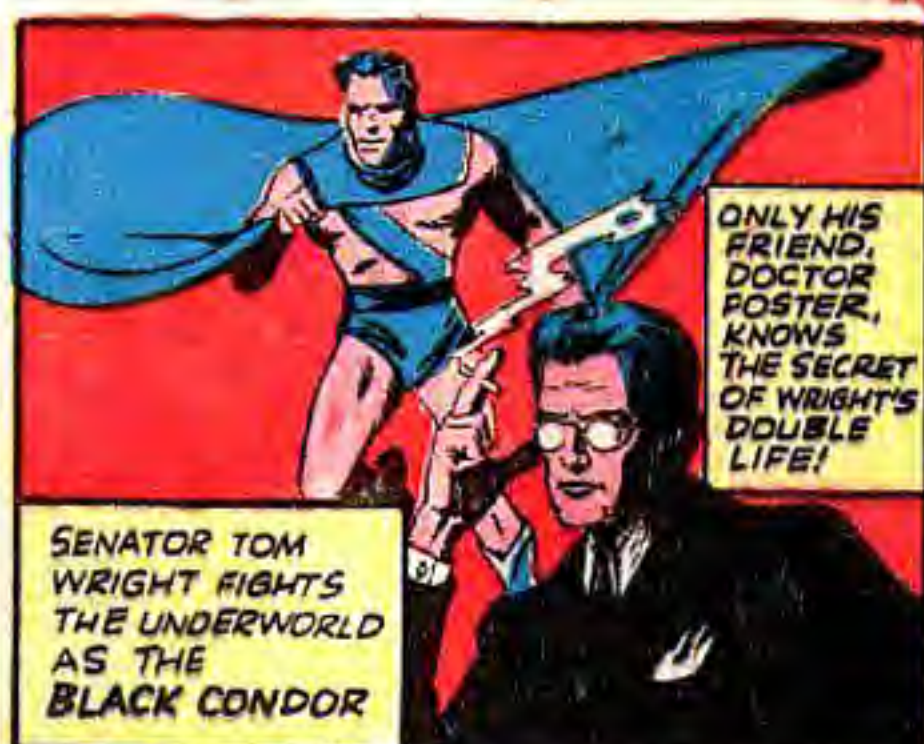


YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! THE POLICE SAID THE NOVEL HE'D STARTED WAS MISSING!

I WAS JUST WONDERING, TOM --- PERHAPS THE NOVEL CONTAINS THE ANSWER TO IT ALL!



MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, DOC! THE NOVEL-- THAT'S IT! BUT WHO'S GOING TO FIND THE NOVEL?





THE BLACK CONDOR
WILL NEVER
READ THOSE
PAPERS! ...

MISSED!

WHAT THE--!
THE LIGHTS
WENT OUT!

CRASH.

WELL ----
LOVELY
COMPANY
YOU ARE!
BUT WHAT
A POOR
SHOT!

BAM
BAM

FOOL! I WON'T
MISS THE
SECOND
TIME!

SOCKO!

SORRY, CONDOR--
BUT YOU'RE NOT
LEAVING THIS
ROOM ALIVE!

SURELY
YOU
CAN'T STOP
ME!

JUST STAND IN MY
WAY, KILLER, IF YOU
LIKE TROUBLE --
HERE IT COMES!

HEY-HEH!
I WARNED YA,
CONDOR!

OWTCH!

SAY YOUR PRAYERS,
MR. BUT-IN-SKI! ...
YOU ASKED
FOR THIS!

BINGO!

BUT, QUICKER THAN LIGHT ITSELF, THE BLACK CONDOR SLAMS A CHAIR-LEG AT THE KILLER!



ULPPPS!

OH-OH! HE'S GONE ---! PROBABLY MADE A RUN FOR HOME AND MOTHER!



---HE CERTAINLY MADE A HASTY EXIT! ---HEY! WHAT'VE I TRIPPED OVER ---?



WHAT ON EARTH COULD THAT BE! EUREKA! --- THE BOOK!



THE KILLER WAS SO ANXIOUS TO ESCAPE THAT HE DROPPED THE BOOK AND LEFT IT BEHIND!



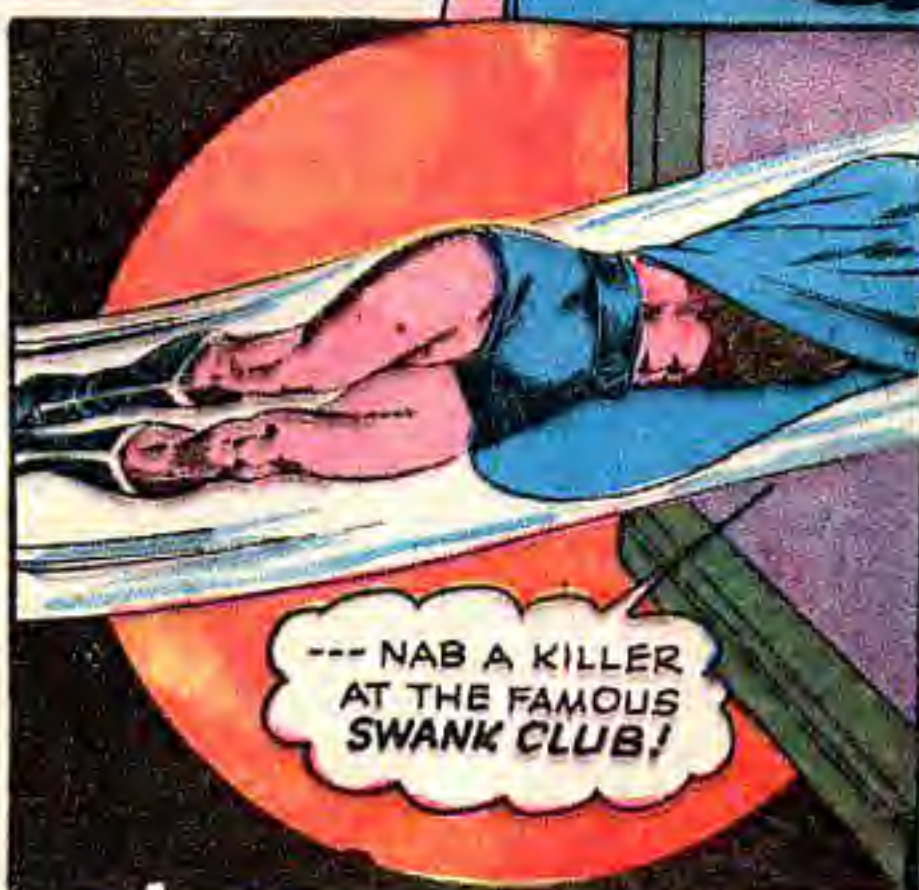
THIS IS IT! ---NOW I KNOW WHO KILLED BRYANT!



I'LL JUST LEAVE THE BOOK FOR THE POLICE, WHILE I ---



--- NAB A KILLER AT THE FAMOUS SWANK CLUB!







DREW'S GONE NOW! — I COULDN'T CATCH HIM IF I WANTED TO — I'LL GET DOWN AND WATCH!



OKAY, FOLKS! — JUST A SUICIDE! STAND BACK!



BUT I TELL YOU I HEARD THE CONDOR ACCUSE DREW OF KILLING BRYANT! — THEN DREW TOOK THE EASY WAY OUT!

WE'LL CHECK ON THAT, MISTER!



... AND IF BRYANT'S NOVEL READS AS YOU SAY, THEN WE'LL JUST CHECK ANOTHER CREDIT FOR THE BLACK CONDOR!



THAT'S ALL, I BELIEVE! NOW I CAN GO TO WENDY'S PARTY!



WELCOME, TOM! WE'D ALMOST GIVEN YOU UP FOR LOST!

I'VE FINISHED THE WORK, WENDY! — AND THE READING!



READING? — WHY DON'T YOU DO SOME REAL WORK? — LIKE THE BLACK CONDOR!

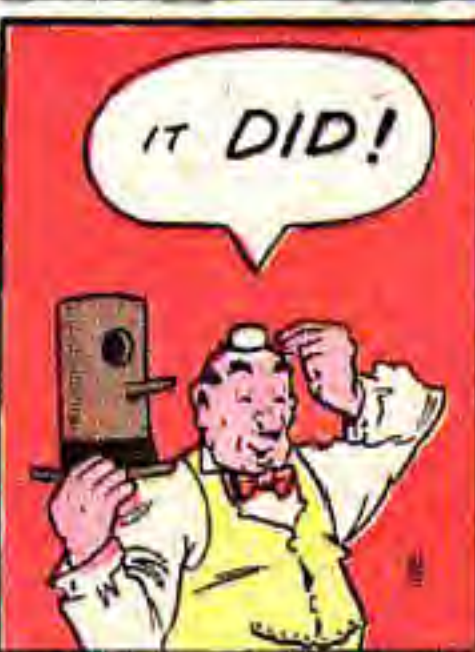
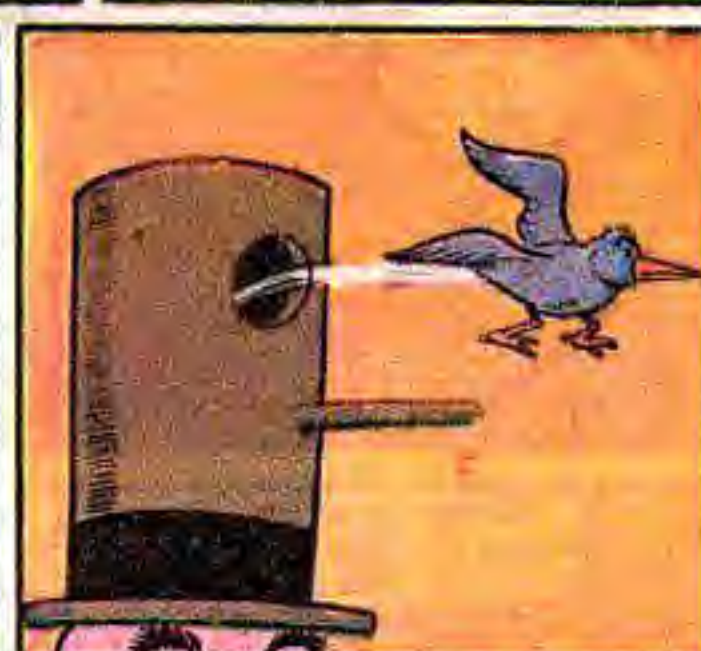
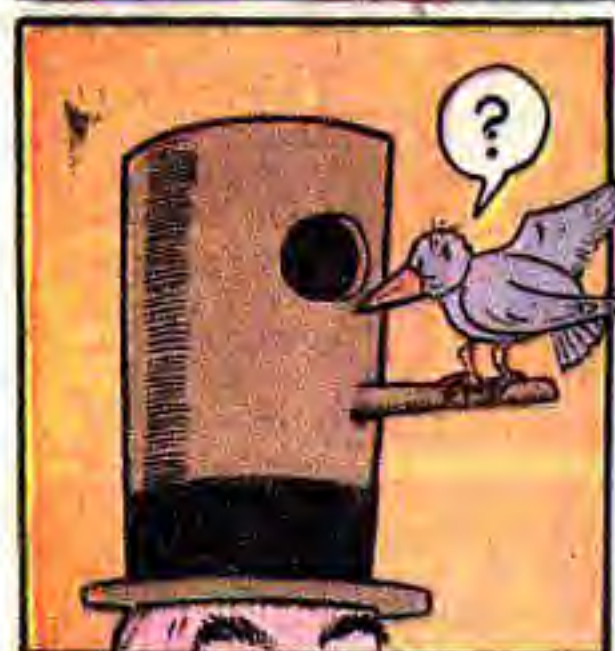
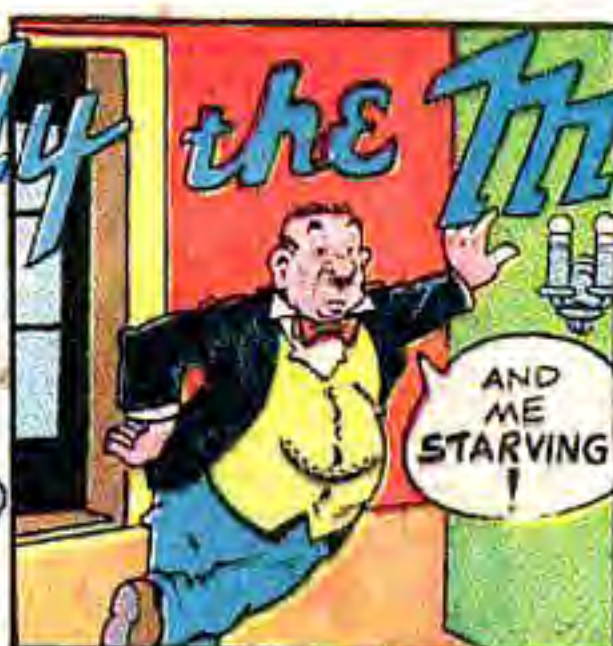
OH — THAT CONDOR GUY ISN'T SO WONDERFUL! ...

SAYS ME!

READ THE ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK CONDOR IN CRACK COMICS!



Molly the Model



YOU SAY
NIFTY'S
BROTHER
BUILT THE
NEW
FUN-HOUSE
IN THE
AMUSEMENT
PARK?

YES!
HERE
IT IS!

Molly the Model

GO ON
IN,
MOLLY!

IT'S TAME
ENOUGH!
I WAS IN
YESTER-
DAY!

I'M SCARED

HOUSE
OF
FUN

MAYBE I
SHOULDN'T
HAVE URGED
HER--IT IS
A BIT
ROUGH!



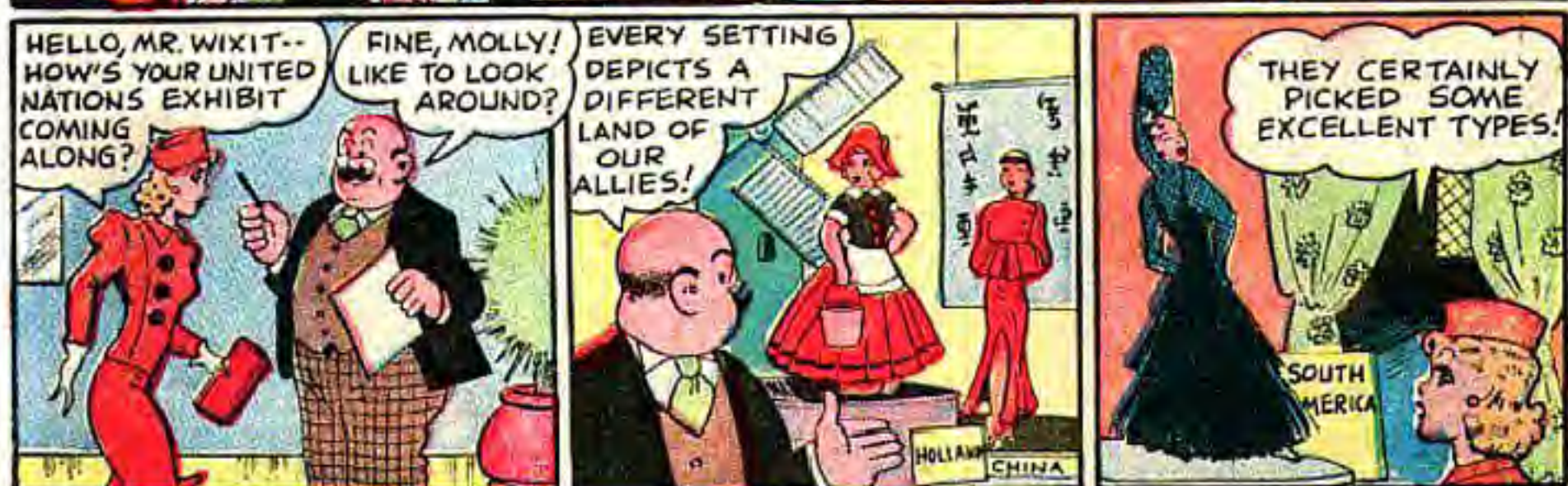
LOOK, MOLLY-- I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
GET MUSSSED UP A BIT, SO I CALLED
OVER DOC DUGAN, MY TRAINER,
TO STAND BY
WHEN YOU CAME
OUT!

GOOD!

YOU'LL NEED
HIM!



Molly the Model



Inkie

...IS A COMIC CHARACTER THE
SIZE OF YOUR PINKY, WHO JUMPED
OFF A DRAWING IN OUR CARTOON
STUDIO, LAST ISSUE, AND CAME TO
LIFE!!! THEN PROCEEDED TO DRAW
AND WRITE HIS OWN ADVENTURES!

--- READERS, WE ASK YOU
TO KEEP THIS A SECRET, OR
THE ARTIST MAY LOSE
HIS JOB ---

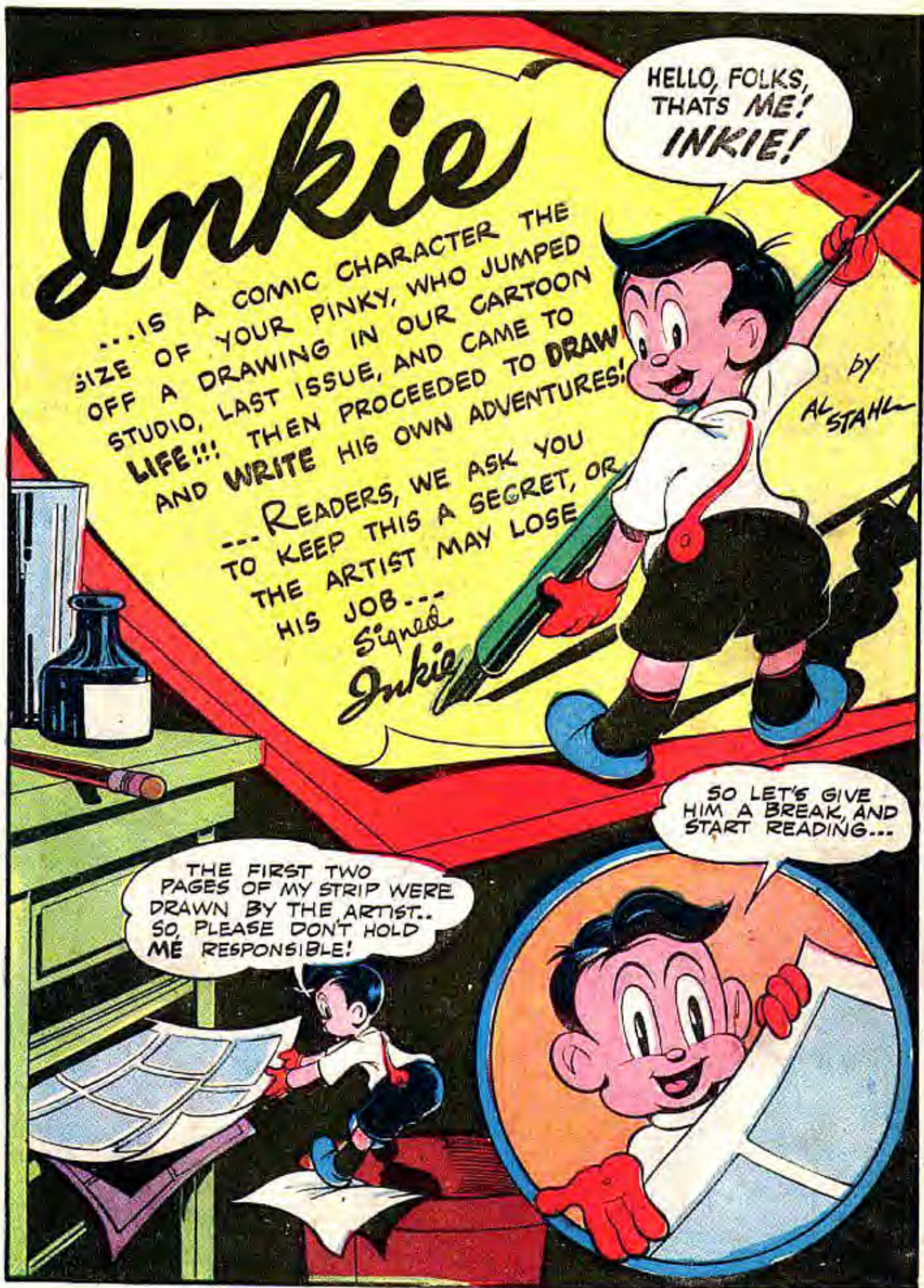
Signed
Inkie

HELLO, FOLKS,
THATS ME!
INKIE!

by
AL STAHL

THE FIRST TWO
PAGES OF MY STRIP WERE
DRAWN BY THE ARTIST..
SO, PLEASE DON'T HOLD
ME RESPONSIBLE!

SO LET'S GIVE
HIM A BREAK, AND
START READING...



OUR STORY OPENS WITH A GUN BATTLE!!
YES, YOU GUESSED IT READERS... BETWEEN
COPS AND ROBBERS...



WE'RE GAINING
ON 'IM, CHIEF...
THIS'LL BE SHUT-EYE'S
LAST RIDE!!



AND WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE IS
DODGING BULLETS ON THE
SPARE TIRE OF THE
GANGSTER'S CAR...



THIS IS
JUST TO LET
YOU KNOW
I'M HERE!

.. BUT I ASK YA... ISN'T THIS
A DANGEROUS SPOT FOR
THE ARTIST TO PUT ME...
THE HERO OF
THIS STRIP!



YA SEE
WHAT I
MEAN!



THAT DID IT,
CHIEF... GOT
HIS BACK
TIRE!



BANG!

AS THE CAR SPINS TO DOOM...





HE IS
N CLEAR..

WELL,
I'LL BE!!

NOW THE
ARTIST LEAVES
ME SUSPENDED
IN MID-AIR
WHILE HE GOES
HOME!!

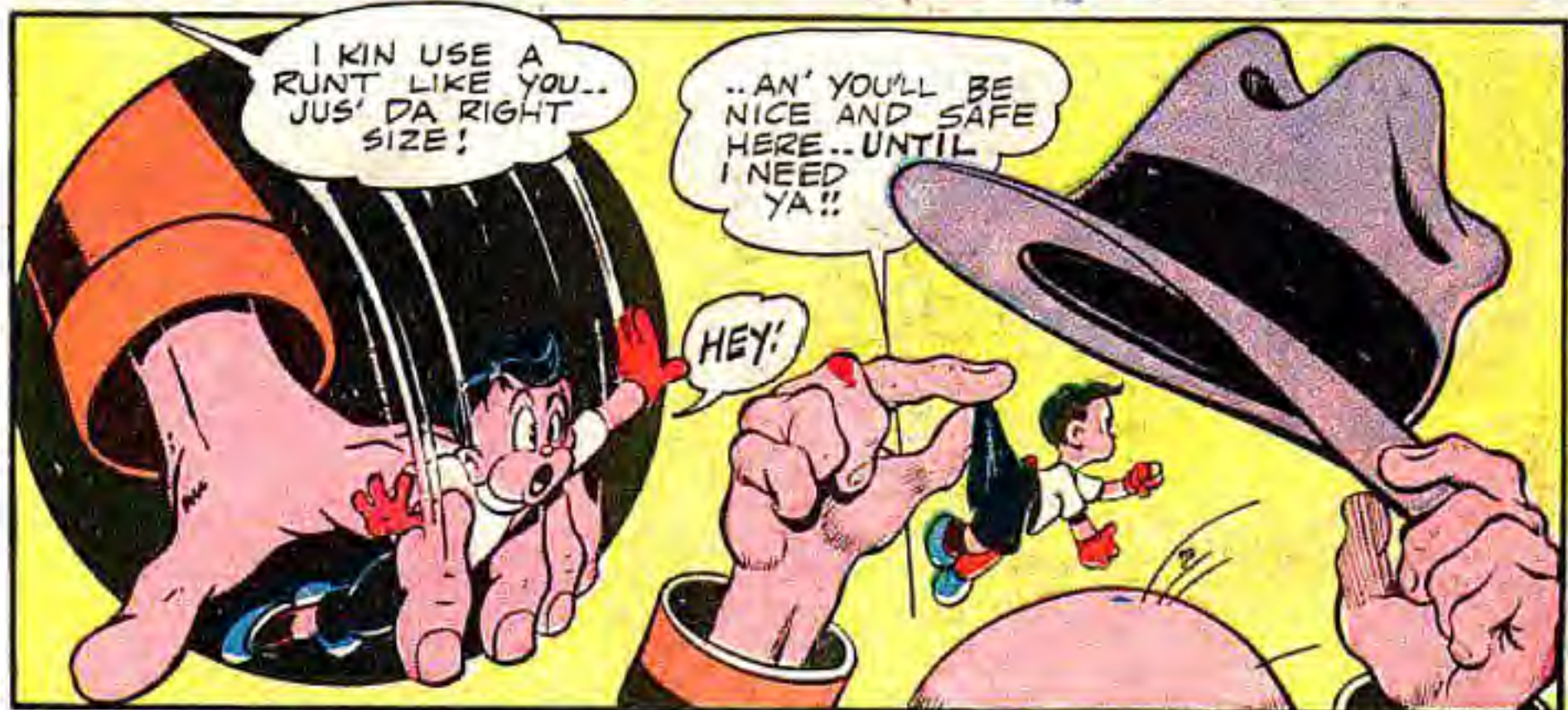
TAKIN'
ADVANTAGE
OF A HELPLESS
DRAWING!!

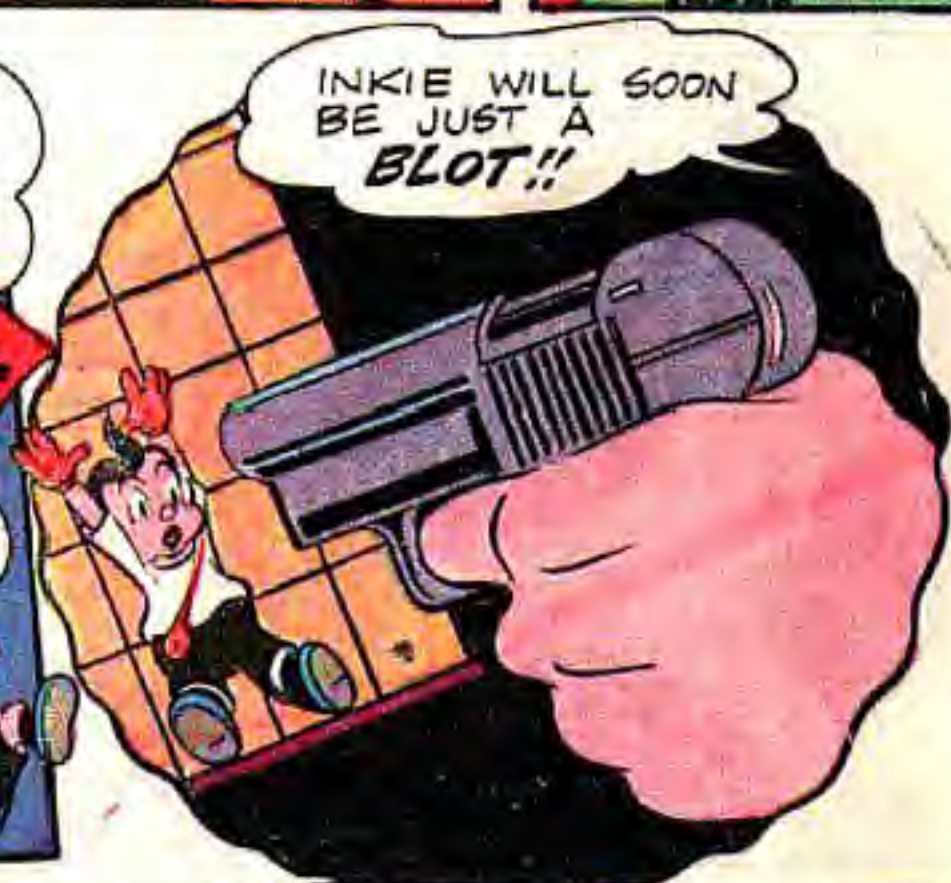
I CAN SEE
THAT I WASN'T
GETTING VERY
FAR IN THIS
STORY!

THUMB
TACKS

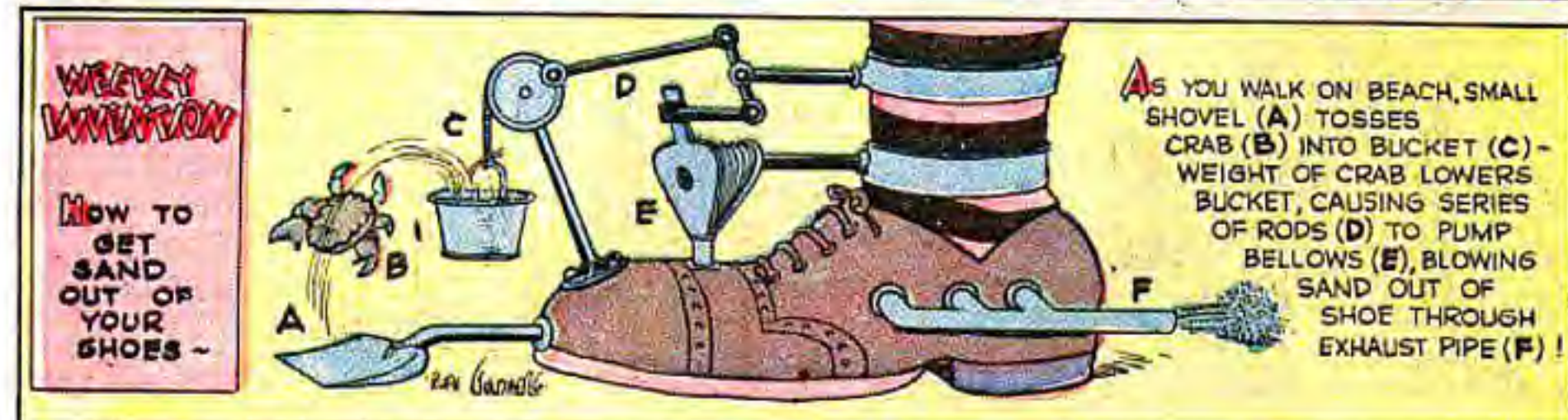
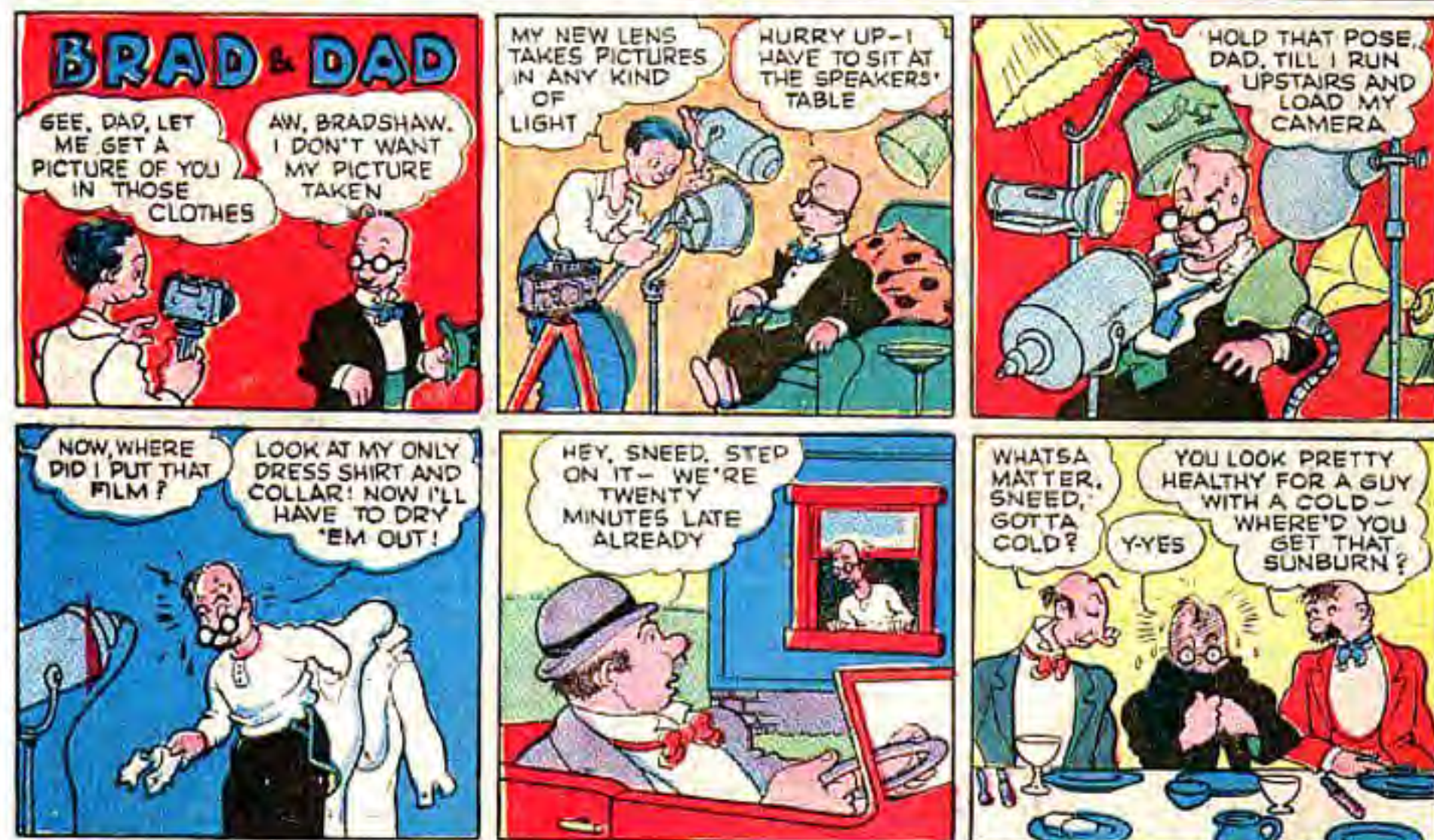
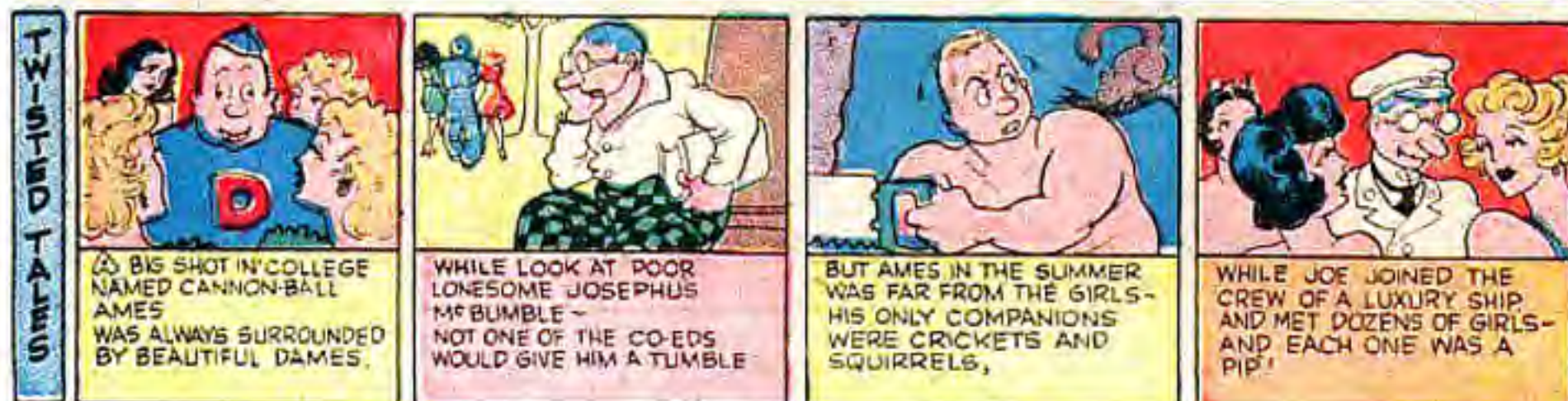
INK













PEN MILLER



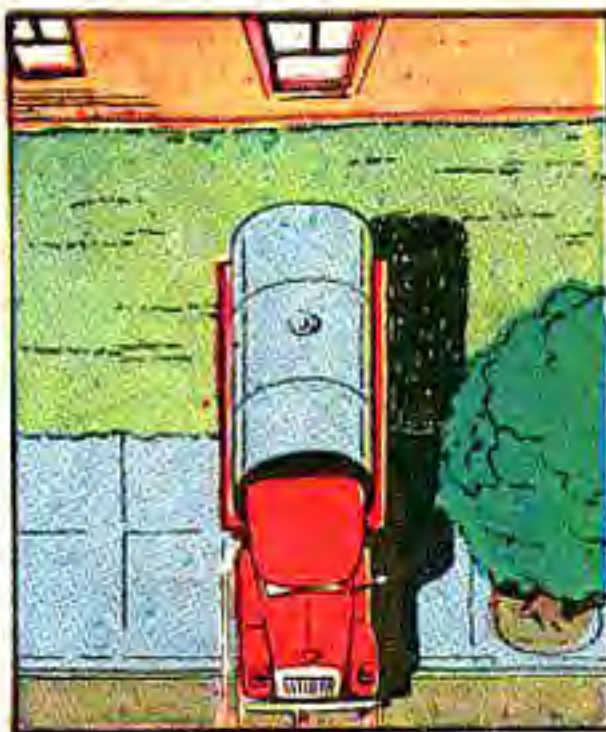
PEN MILLER, CARTOONIST OF NO SMALL FAME, BASES HIS COMIC STRIPS ON HIS MANY EXPLOITS AS A DETECTIVE, RESPECTED BY THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER... AND FEARED BY THE EVIL FORCES OF THE UNDERWORLD...











LISBON TERROR

I CAN tell this story now. I have escaped from that gang of cutthroats. A great Clipper ship has flown me across a lot of Atlantic Ocean and set me down safely at La Guardia Field. That was ten days ago.

Just eleven days ago I faced death. A terrible death at the hands of the world's most maniacal killers. It happened in Lisbon, which was once a beautiful city of culture and easy living. But not now! It is a madhouse of refugees, of people trying to flee the atrocities of Europe's hell brew of war, of tragedy and hate and death.

Even as I write this, I fancy at times that there is a heavy face pressed against the dark window pane, and momentarily I expect to feel the impact of a bullet. But that can't be. I'm in America, the finest land in the world!

Prior to my brief sojourn in Lisbon, I had spent two years in Germany as correspondent for the Herald-Call. I'll never forget the thrill I experienced when the Chief called me into his office one morning and said, "Jack, I'm chucking you in the big mob scene. You're leaving for Berlin next Wednesday."

I almost kissed that guy. It was the thing I had been dreaming about. To be a war correspondent! I forget what I said, except that I'd be ready in two hours and why wait till Wednesday.

That was slightly more than two years ago. A lot of water—and blood—has gone under the bridge since then, and I'm not the same Jack Mallory that started out from the Herald office on that fine Wednesday, headed for glory. Ah no.

Things were tense and edgy even then in Berlin, and you felt the strained atmosphere. American newswriters were not very well liked around the

Reich capital. But that didn't bother me. I was itching to dig in and get my feet wet.

We'll skip the first few months. Routine stuff, and not very exciting. But the situation was now rapidly growing more tense and several Yank correspondents had gone home, or to other pastures. I had a cable from the Chief advising me that I'd better blow homeward, but I didn't even answer it. Here was action, and that's what I wanted.

Then one evening two American newsmen got into some kind of trouble in a cafe and both were jailed. The next thing I heard they were carted off to a concentration camp. This was indeed bad, and I began to think maybe I'd made a fool of myself for not shoving off sooner.

A week passed, and the devil was to pay. Another Yank newsman got bounced into a camp, and I heard that the Gestapo were out looking for more. I pulled a sneak. But fast! I headed for the border of Switzerland, knowing full well that in all probability I'd be stopped.

I was riding with an Italian newspaperman pal of mine, when it happened. A bridge ahead, and not more than fifty yards from us down the road, blew up with a terrific roar and flash. Palletti barely got the car halted in time to keep us from plunging into a river. It looked like a deliberate attempt to blast us.

"Now what the devil do you think of that!" said Palletti.

"Looks pretty bad, doesn't it?" I said. "Can't be purely an accident... Hey! Listen!"

We heard the roar of a motorcycle behind us. I turned in the seat. There were two of them, coming fast.

"We'd better beat it," said Palletti. "Those lugs mean bus-

iness. They're evidently out to get us. Come on!"

We piled out of that car and headed for an open field at the side of the road. We had only gone about a hundred yards when the motorcycles stopped at the car. One of the Gestapo agents called out for us to halt. We kept on, fast, crashing through a grain field and hoping those two rats were not fast runners. They started shooting in our general direction, but the night was dark and we made poor targets leaping along anyway.

"Just keep going, Jack," panted Palletti. "They can't hit anything, even if they could see us."

If they pursued us we never knew it because they never caught up with us. After two hours of this rigorous toil we came to another road. As we hid in the bushes alongside to catch our breath, a car passed, going like blazes.

"Another of them," said Palletti. "They've been tipped off that we escaped. We're in for it, old man."

We walked the road all the rest of that night and when day broke we hid in a hay field and slept. About twilight we crept out and headed west. The Swiss border wasn't many miles farther on, and we wanted to cross it that night.

There were two guards at the little border patrol station when we sneaked up, about midnight. One of them sat inside with a single light over a desk. The other paraded up and down in front, not very alert. We both had guns. But we didn't want to kill anyone.

"You take the guard, Jack. I'll get the guy at the desk. Conk 'em and make a dash for it."

"Okay," I replied. "Let's go!"

We hadn't figured well. There was gravel in front of the guard

shack. We had no more than hit that crunchy stuff, going fast, than the sentry whirled and brought his gun up. But I had never seen Palletti in action. That little Italian leaped ten feet, square on top of the sentry, and both of them went down. I darted into the office, expecting to feel lead in my tummy, but for some reason the Nazi was slow. I took him a blow on the chin, dazing him. He crashed back, overturning his chair. Then he was up, tugging at his pistol. His eyes flared hate as I came at him. I beat him to the gun, thank the green gods, and he went over with one on the Adam's apple.

I'll never forget that lad's eyes as I conked him. I remembered later that I had seen, or known him some place. He was to figure considerably in my life very soon thereafter.

We crossed the border. Palletti killed the sentry. We were fugitives with a price on our heads now, and we'd have to be extremely careful.

"We're in for it now," said Palletti. "We've gotta ease out of this mess. But how—where can—"

"I've got it!" I cried. "Lisbon! From there we can figure out something, but we'll be safer there than we are if we remain in the Continent. In fact, we can't remain."

We paid a handsome price to a French flyer to take us to Lisbon. I had to sell my camera—to a British newsman, who promised to sell it back when I raised the necessary cash.

I won't forget the gray murky morning we landed in Lisbon, and how shocked I was at the picture of misery that existed there. I had been in Lisbon several years before, when it was a gay capital. But now . . .

"How fast does the Gestapo work?" I asked Palletti.

"How fast does lightning strike!" answered my friend succinctly. "Why?"

"I'm just wondering if that pilot can be trusted."

"No Frenchman can—now,

old man," said the Italian. "We should have garroted the guy."

We bedded down in a fair hotel—on Palletti's cash, which was getting almost as low as mine, and hoped for the best. We had been asleep several hours when there was a knock at the door. I called, "Who's there?"

"Eric Vale—an American," was the answer. "May I come in for a moment?"

Eric Vale. I had heard the name. Yes, I remembered: quite an adventurer and detective; had made some amazing discoveries in the field of criminology. I said, "Just a sec." And opened the door.

"Sorry to disturb you," said Vale, after shaking hands. "But you are both in grave danger. I'd advise leaving this hotel at once."

"You mean—" I was a bit alarmed.

"The Gestapo," replied Vale. "Seems you knocked off an agent on the Swiss border."

"But how the devil do you know this?" I asked.

Vale smiled enigmatically. "It's my business to know a lot of things, my friend. Will you do as I suggest?"

I had no chance to answer. A loud pounding on the door sent Vale streaking for the window, and he vanished. The next moment three burly fellows crashed into the room, revolvers out.

"You will come quietly gentlemen, or we shall be forced to shoot you here," one of them said in a guttural voice. "Please put on your clothes."

Palletti had heard the entrance of the Gestapo officers, for that is what they were, and now bounced out of bed, demanding to know the cause for disturbing his sleep. The fellows only looked at him with steely glance.

We dressed. Then we left the hotel in company of the guards. An hour later we were taken from a fast cruiser in the harbor and locked up in a moldy cell on some island several miles from Lisbon. What a fine mess

we were in now!

Soon after the cell door slammed on us, it opened again and a gray-haired man entered. Behind him were two Gestapo guards. He said, "Gentlemen, if there is any message you wish conveyed to family or friends, I shall be glad to take it. You will be shot at six tomorrow morning."

Ice water can't work faster than that. I almost fainted. "B-but why?" I got out.

The gray-haired man only looked at me. "Must I state the details of the charge?" he said softly. "You well know them. Good evening, gentlemen, if there is nothing more."

The cell door closed and there was silence for a while. Then Palletti laughed, a mirthless laugh it was.

"Well, old fellow, we taste lead, what?" The fool could jest at a time like this!

I became a little frantic. I pulled at the door. I stifled a yell. Then a sudden whisper reached out ears. "Pssst! At the window," it said. "Silence, and I'll have you out in a jiffy."

I said, "Yes. Who is it?"

"Vale," came the whisper. "Sit tight. I have a torch."

An acetylene torch blazed and soon the bars over the window were cut through and we were crawling out. We wasted no time in formalities, but got out of there as fast as possible. Vale had a launch at a small pier, and we piled in.

"You saved our lives," I said inanely. "I can only say thanks."

"Skip it," said Vale. "There's a Clipper leaving in two days. Better take it. I have a good hiding place for you both while you wait."

I couldn't help it. "But why do you risk so much for us—strangers?" I blurted out.

Vale said, "You are an American, and Palletti is your friend. That's good enough for me. Here's where we part. Good luck, friends!"

He vanished, in the night. And the face is no longer at the window.

FURTHERMORE, HACK O'HARA,
I'VE A GOOD MIND TO
REPORT YOU TO THE
COMMISSIONER!
--- BLAH -- BLAH --
BLAH --- AND
BLAH ----!

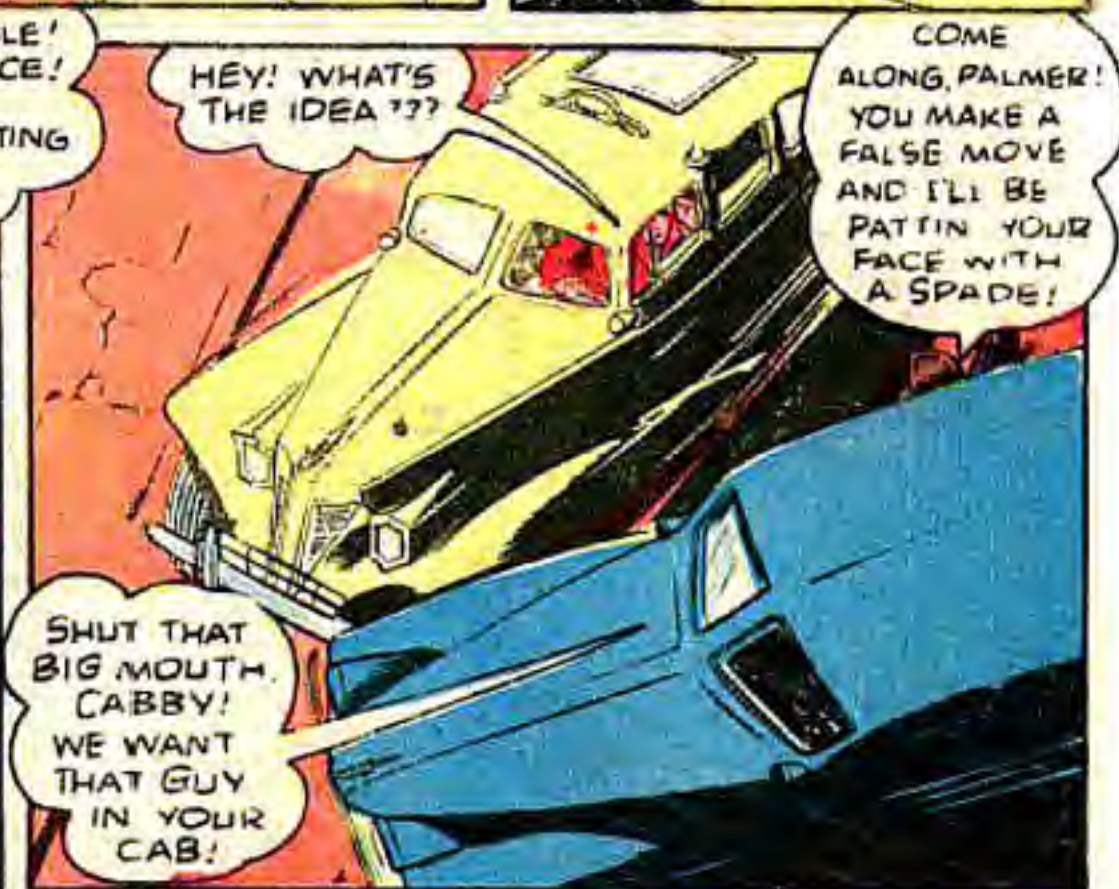
---AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!
DO YOU HEAR ME, YOUNG MAN?

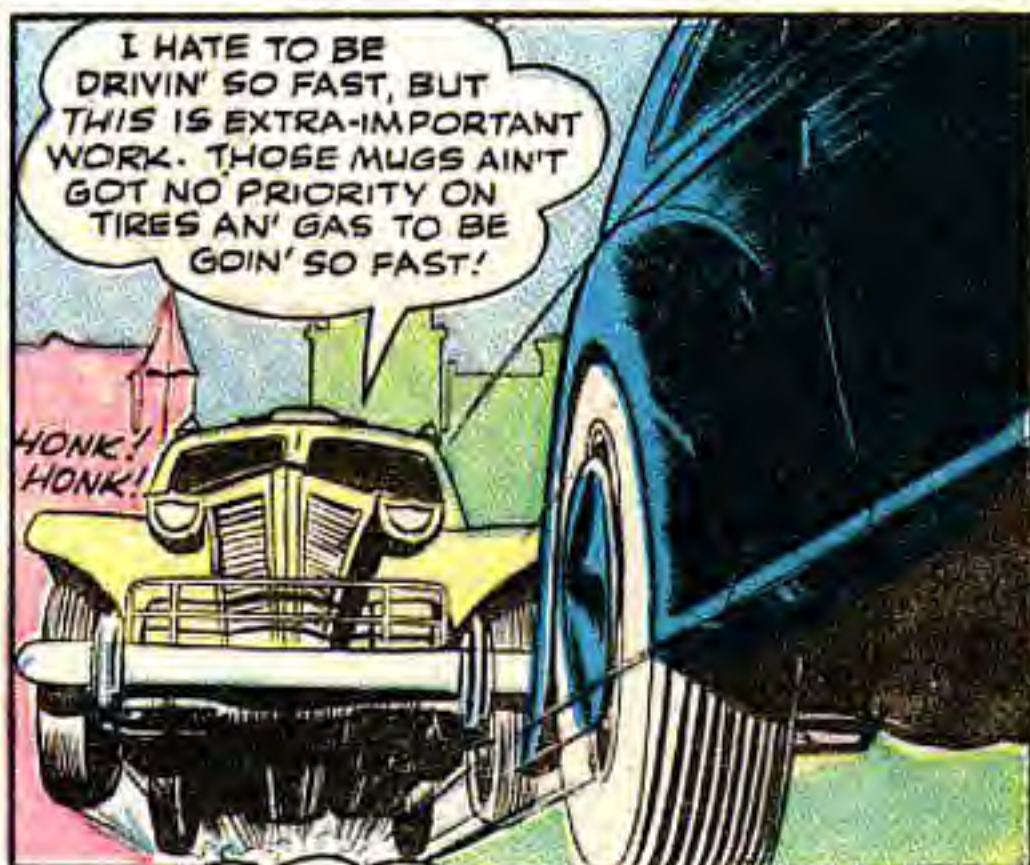
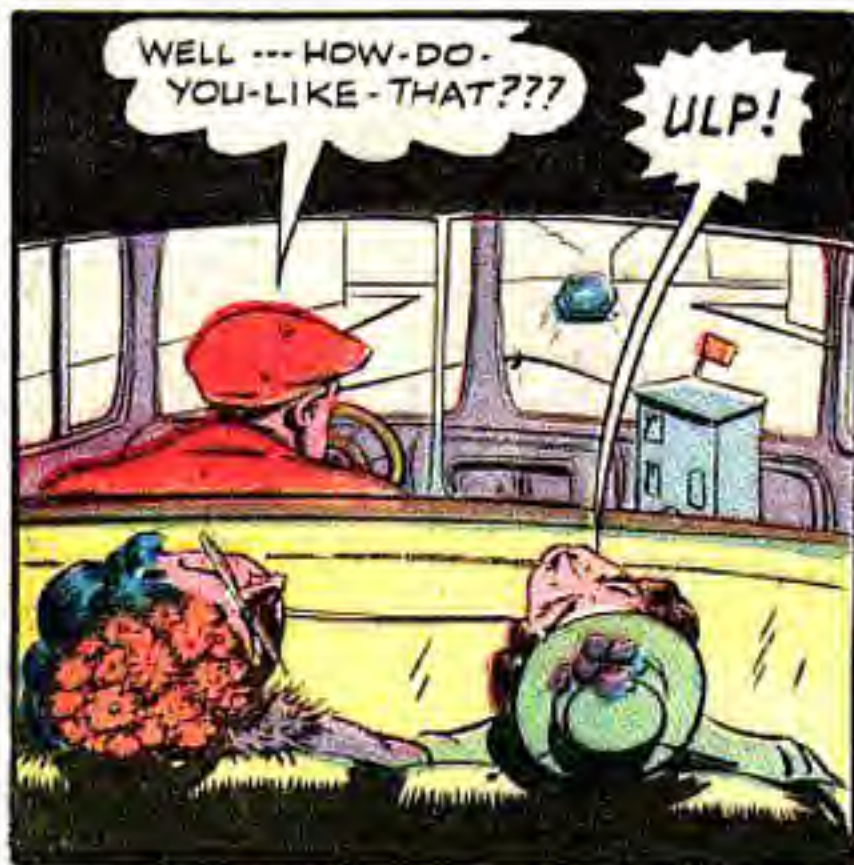
WASHINGTON, POLITICAL HUBBUB OF
AMERICA, NERVE CENTER OF THE WORLD,
IS FRANTICALLY ENGAGED WITH THE SERIOUS
PROBLEM OF WINNING THE WAR. THIS IS
THE SCENE OF OUR STORY, WHERE IN
HACK FINDS HIMSELF ENMESHED IN THE
EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES OF
THE LEACHES OF OUR SOCIETY!...

HACK O'HARA

TAKE ME TO THE
GOVERNMENT
PRINTING OFFICE,
PLEASE!

YES,
SIR!







HI, BOYS!

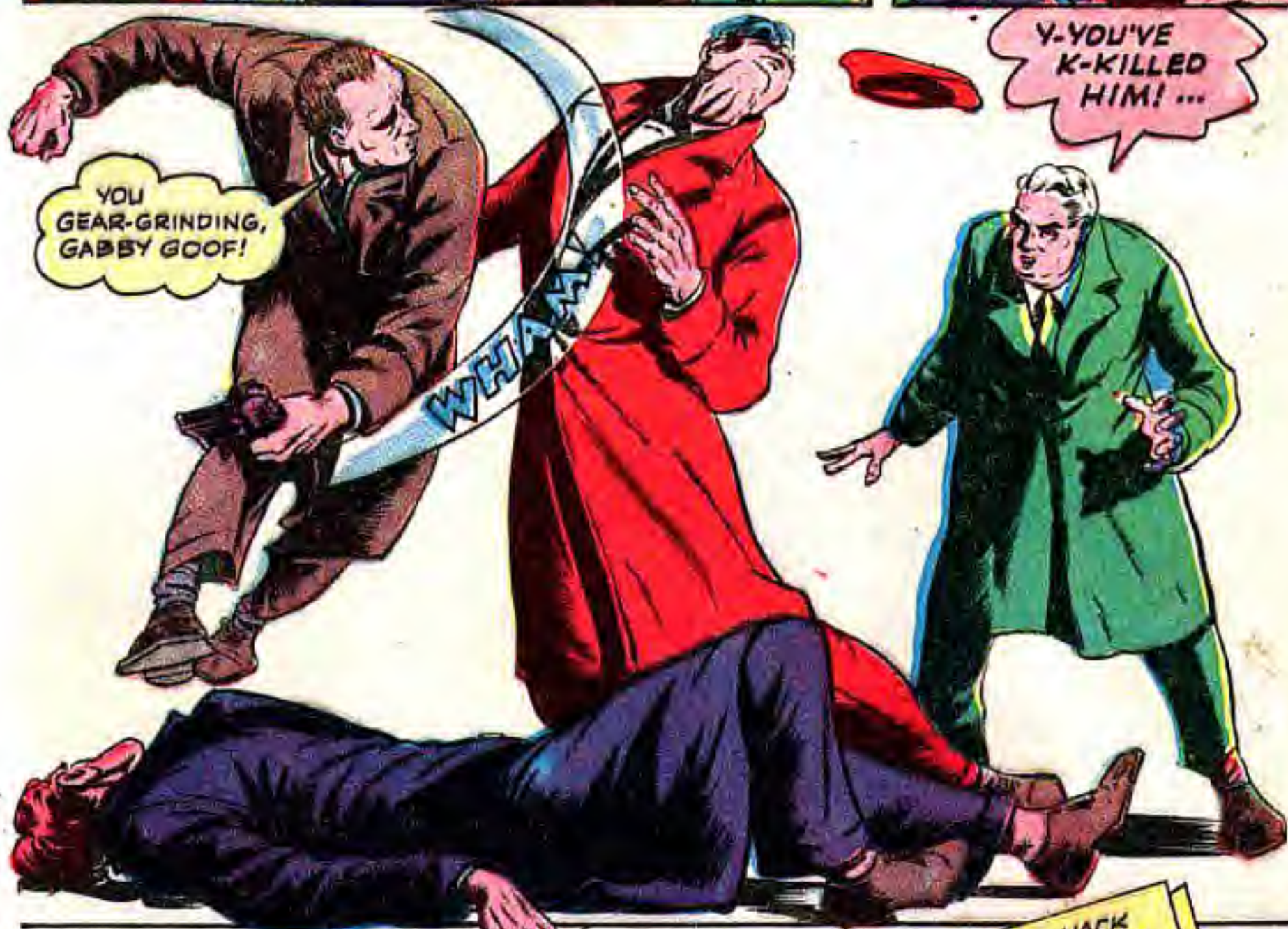
IT'S THAT HACK-DRIVER AGAIN! - WHERE'D YOU STEER FROM?

YOU ASKED FOR IT, THIS TIME!



OVER YOU GO, JOCKEY!

OOOF!



YOU GEAR-GRINDING, GABBY GOOF!

WHAAAA!

Y-YOU'VE K-KILLED HIM! ...



NOW BACK TO YOU, PALMER! DO WE GET THAT COPY OF THE \$10 BILL --OR DO WE HAVE TO PERSUADE YOU, THE SAME WAY?

YOU CHEAP TIN-HORN CROOKS! YOU'LL NEVER GET IT!



ALL RIGHT, THEN-- HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY! -- GRAB HIM AND BRING HIM DOWN TO THE CELLAR!

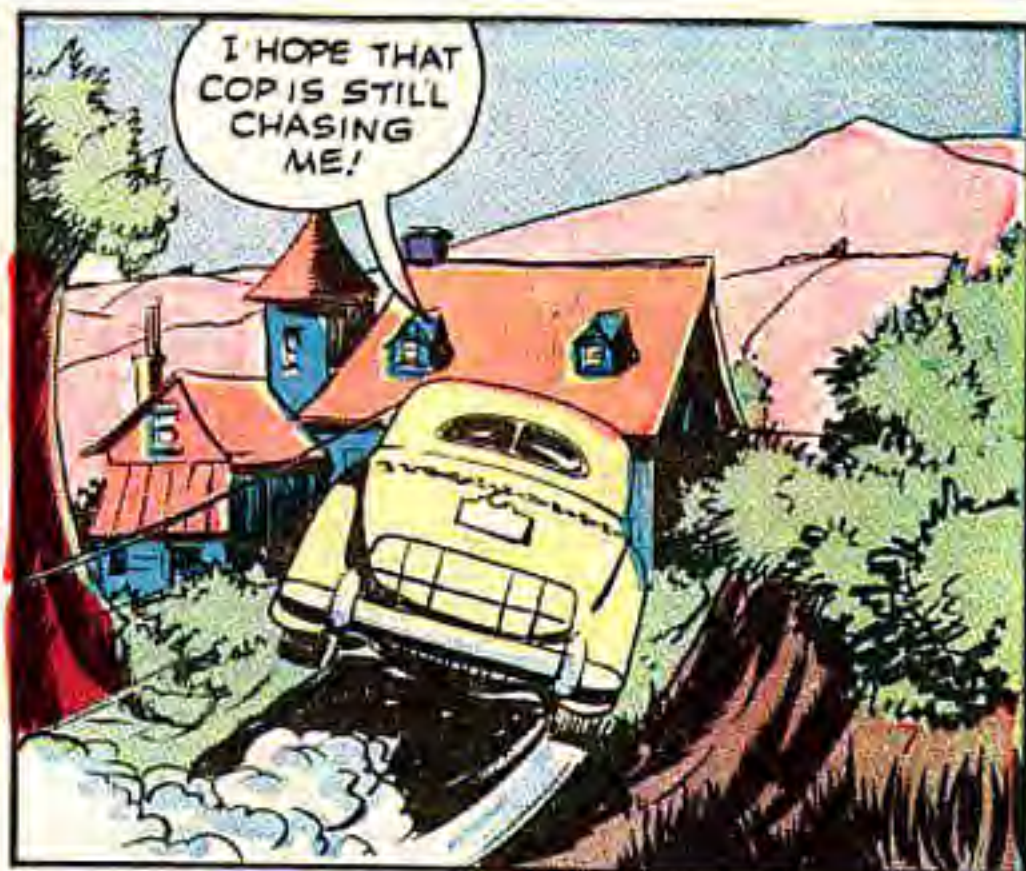
OKAY, BOSS!



LEFT ALONE, HACK UNTIES HIMSELF! ...

THESE GUYS AIN'T KIDDIN'! -- I'VE GOTTA USE MY HEAD FOR SOMETHING MORE THAN A RESTING PLACE FOR SOME BULLET! -- GAD! -- WHAT A SOCK THAT BIRD GAVE ME! WHEW!





The CLOCK

EEEEEEEEEEEEK!

A NEWSPAPER MAN
IS KILLED! ... FOUR
MEN ARE SUSPECTED!
SEE IF YOU, GENTLE
READER, CAN SOLVE
THE CRIME! ...

THE **CLOCK**, NEMESIS
OF THE UNDERWORLD,
DOES, BUT ONLY AFTER
CLEVER DEDUCTION!

PIT YOUR BRAIN
AGAINST THE CRIMINAL
AND SOLVE **WHO
DONE IT!!**



THE
LAST
ITEM
OF
A
RADIO
NEWS
PROGRAM
IS
FLASHED
THROUGH
THE
ETHER...

AND TODAY "BIG ED" GLOYNE
WAS APPOINTED TO THE POST
OF CITY TREASURER--AND NOW
I SEE MY TIME IS UP, SO I'LL
CLICK OFF --



IT IS HEARD WITH DISTASTE BY JAMES POST,
PUBLISHER OF THE "DAILY MAIL"--LARGEST
NEWSPAPER IN THE COUNTRY.---



MISS DRURY--TELL
SMITH OF THE
REWRITE DESK
I WANT TO SEE
HIM IMMEDIATELY!

BIG ED GLOYNE, CITY
TREASURER, THAT'S A
LAUGH! --WHY, THAT CROOK
MAKES DILLINGER LOOK
LIKE A PANTY-WAIST--



WHEN HE GETS THROUGH
DIPPING INTO THE CITY
FUNDS, IT'LL BE
BANKRUPT!



YOU SEND
FOR ME,
MR. POST?

YES,
SMITH--
COME
IN!



I WANT YOU TO DIG UP IN THE MORGUE
EVERYTHING ON BIG ED GLOYNE --AND
WRITE IT UP IN A FORCEFUL, DYNAMIC
STORY...

WHY?--
DID HE
DIE??



NO--BUT IT'S HIS
EULOGY! I'M OUT
TO BREAK THAT NO-
GOOD GRAFTER,
BIG ED GLOYNE!



THE NEXT DAY...





WHEW! BIG ED'S SORE!
I'D BETTER GO UP AND
TALK TO POST!



HELLO, CHIEF--
CAN YOU SPARE
A MINUTE?

SURE, GLYNN,
WHAT'S ON
YOUR MIND?



BIG ED GLOYNE
--HE JUST CALLED
--HE'S PLENTY
SORE!



HE SAID HE'D FIND A
WAY TO STOP US FROM
WRITING THOSE
STORIES!

SO -- THREATENING
THE PRESS! THAT
SHOULD LOOK GOOD
IN PRINT ALSO-- I'LL
MAKE A NOTE OF
THAT!!



CHIEF, I'D LAY OFF BIG
ED! YOU KNOW HIS
"REP" -- HE CAN BE
PUSHED AROUND
JUST SO MUCH, THEN
HE GOES BERSERK!

GLYNN, I'M
RUNNING THIS
PAPER AND I'LL
GIVE THE
ORDERS!



WE'LL KEEP POUNDING
AT GLOYNE -- TILL HE
RESIGNS!

OKAY, CHIEF!
YOU'RE THE
BOSS!



LEAVING POST'S OFFICE, GLYNN MEETS SMITH...

HI, SMITTY! WHERE
YOU HEADING FOR?

THE CHIEF'S
OFFICE--IS HE IN?



An Hour Later ...



HEY!
COME
QUICK!
MR. POST'S
BEEN
MURDERED!
!!



WHO DONE IT?



WAS IT
BIG ED??



WAS IT
JOE GLYNN??



WAS IT
THE OFFICE
BOY?



OR WAS IT
SMITTY, THE
REWRITE MAN?



LATER, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN, IN THE HOME OF BRIAN O'BRIEN, ALIAS **THE CLOCK!**



NEXT DAY, AT THE "DAILY MAIL" OFFICES!...

I CALLED THIS MEETING
BECAUSE ONE OF YOU IS THE
MURDERER OF POST
AND SMITH --

I DIDN'T!

I DIDN'T
DO IT!

LAST NIGHT, SMITH WAS KILLED WHEN HE
MET THE WRITER OF THIS NOTE!
I FOUND THIS NOTE AT THE ARCH,
ALONG WITH SOMETHING
ELSE!

SOMETHING ELSE?
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN??

JUST THIS, JOE GLYNN!
YOU'RE THE MURDERER OF
POST AND SMITH, AND YOU
ATTEMPTED TO KILL ME
LAST NIGHT!!

YOU'RE CRAZY,
MAN! .. WHY, I
WAS MR. POST'S
TRUSTED ADVISOR!

EXACTLY! YOU KNEW THAT
HE OPPOSED BIG ED'S
APPOINTMENT AND THAT
SMITH WAS WRITING THE
STORIES -- AND YOU ALSO
TOOK A SHOT AT ME
LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU
SAW ME LOOKING OVER
THE SCENE OF THE
CRIME ---

I FOUND FINGERPRINTS ON
THIS PARTIALLY USED MATCH
BOX THAT I FOUND NEAR
THE ARCH -- THE MATCHES
WERE TORN OFF BY A LEFT-
HANDED PERSON, AND YOU
ARE LEFT-HANDED, GLYNN!
I CHECKED THE PRINTS
AND FOUND OUT YOU
AND BIG ED ARE
BROTHERS!

YOU'RE CRAZY!
YOU CAN'T
PROVE IT!

NO? YOUR REAL NAME
IS GLANE! YOU AND
YOUR BROTHER CHANGED
YOUR NAMES WHEN YOU
WERE RELEASED FROM
PRISON TEN YEARS AGO,
WHERE YOU SERVED A
TERM FOR ATTEMPTED
MURDER -- DIDN'T YOU?

OKAY! I ADMIT IT!
I WANTED MY BROTHER
TO GET THE APPOINT-
MENT, SO I TRIED TO
STOP THE ARTICLES
BY KILLING POST
AND SMITH!

YOU FOOL! NOW
I WILL HAVE
TO RESIGN!!

**FOLLOW THE CLOCK IN ANOTHER
EXCITING ADVENTURE OF CRIME IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS!**

GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US, "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER."
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE."

"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE,
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE.
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW'."



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LAUGHS A PLenty!



YOU'D WISH
YOU COULD
STRETCH TOO,
FOR YOU'LL SPLIT YOUR
SIDES LAUGHING WHEN
YOU READ THE NEXT
**PLASTIC MAN
STORY**

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COMICS**

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